

The First Evangelist of America.

I.

WHEN, where, and by whom was Mass first celebrated in the New World? These are questions about which our earliest sources of information return no clear answer. It seems certain that no priest was numbered among the companions of Columbus when, in August, 1492, he set sail from Palos upon his initial voyage of discovery. Without a priest the Blessed Sacrament could not have been reserved, and consequently the islands of the distant West must so far have remained unblest by the presence of the Holy Eucharist. However, in the second expedition of Columbus, which put to sea from Cadiz, September 25, 1493, we know that a band of missionaries took part, consisting of twelve religious with a certain Fray Bernal Boyl¹ at their head. All the probabilities point to the conclusion that Fray Boyl would himself have claimed the privilege of celebrating, when the Holy Sacrifice was offered for the first time upon the soil that he had come to evangelize. But as to when and where this happened we are left entirely in the dark, and indeed there have not been wanting certain lovers of paradox who insist that the first Mass and the first attempt to Christianize America must be assigned to a period several centuries earlier, and are to be connected not with the tropics but with the arctic shores of Greenland.

It would not serve any good purpose to embark here upon a discussion of the controversies arising out of the alleged pre-Columban discovery of the western continent. There can now be no dispute that in the eleventh century, and possibly even earlier, the Norsemen from Iceland and Scandinavia established themselves upon the western as well as upon the

¹ It will be convenient to note here that the Spanish name Boyl is always pronounced in two syllables, Boyl, but it is written in a great variety of ways, Buyl, Buil, Bohil, Boill, and in Latin, Buelius, Bueilus, &c.

eastern coast of Greenland. Papal documents still existing in the *Regesta* of the Vatican also bear witness to the fact that these colonies were, or soon became, Christian.¹ They had bishops, at least intermittently, and their ecclesiastical organization was recognized in Rome. The sagas of the *Flatey Book* and incidental references in other more trustworthy chronicles prove that the Vikings of the eleventh and twelfth centuries had further made acquaintance with a "Vinland," or country of the vine, which can only be identified with some relatively temperate portion of the American continent, but it must be left to the scientific archæologist of the future to pronounce a final judgment upon the authenticity of such monuments as the supposed runic inscription of Kensington, Minnesota.² Certainly if that were genuine it would seem necessary to admit that the Norsemen had established themselves upon the mainland in such force that they must have brought the exercise of Christianity with them. Apart, however, from the Vikings of Scandinavia there is so far no serious evidence to support any other form of pre-Columban discovery. The various Irish and Welsh legends are hopelessly vague and untrustworthy, and the geographical value in this connection of that mythical voyage of St. Brendan (the *Navigatio St. Brendani*), which was so popular a fiction³ in almost every country during the middle ages, may be gauged from the fact that in most of the texts the Saint is represented as sailing towards the north-east. As the English metrical version says, St. Brendan and his companions steadily directed their course,

Eve ne agen that the sonne arist aboute mydsomereday.⁴

i.e., to the point on the horizon where the sun rises at mid-summer. One need not invoke such incidents as that of the Mass celebrated on the whale's back to prove that no sort of trust can be placed in the elements of popular tradition enshrined in documents of this character.

Our immediate interest, therefore, is limited to the events of Columbus' second voyage, and my excuse for undertaking

¹ These papal documents have been printed both in Mr. J. C. Heywood's sumptuous facsimile, *Documenta Selecta*, 1893, and also in the *Flatey Book*, edited by Mr. R. B. Anderson in 1906.

² See the *Report* of the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, 1910.

³ M. de Goeje's essay on the Arabic versions of the legend of St. Brendan is specially interesting in this connection.

⁴ See M. Bälz, *Die ME. Brendanlegende*, 1909, line 111.

the present inquiry must be found in the extraordinary persistence of a quite baseless legend that has established itself regarding the personality of the first apostle of Christianity in the New World. The researches of M. Vignaud have shown that nearly all the story of Columbus' early life and of the events leading up to his first voyage must be rewritten. The prevalent account of Father Boyl is probably just as untrustworthy. Let us take from a recent and very popular *Life of Columbus*, strongly commended in a special preface by M. Vignaud himself, some three or four passages which comprise almost all that the writer has to tell us concerning the Superior of the first Mission to the pagan natives of America. Speaking of the preparation made for the second voyage of Columbus, Mr. Filson Young says:

The Admiral, however, was not to be so lonely a person as he had been on his first voyage; friends of his own choice and of a rank that made intimacy possible even with the Captain-General were to accompany him. There was James his brother, there was Friar Bernardo Buil, a Benedictine monk chosen by the Pope to be his apostolic vicar in the New World; there was Alonso de Ojeda, &c.¹

Let me next quote the account of Fray Boyl's quarrel with the Admiral at Isabella a year later:

A couple of rude handmills had been erected for the making of flour, and as food was the first necessity, Columbus immediately put all the able-bodied men in the colony, whatever their rank, to the elementary manual work of grinding. Friar Buil and the twelve Benedictine brothers who were with him, thought this a wise order, assuming, of course, that as clerics they would not be asked to work. But great was their astonishment and loud and angry their criticism of the Admiral when they found that they also were obliged to labour with their hands. But Columbus was firm; there were absolutely no exceptions made; hidalgo and priest had to work alongside of sailor and labourer, and the curses of the living mingled with those of the dying on the man whose boastful words had brought them to such a place and such a condition.²

As a result of the violent dispute occasioned by this incident Boyl excommunicated the Admiral, but when Columbus retaliated by cutting off his rations, the missionary was

¹ Filson Young, *Christopher Columbus*, 3rd edn., 1911, p. 184.

² *Ibid.*, p. 224.

compelled to submit and withdrew both the excommunication and the interdict he had laid upon the church.

One other brief passage may be quoted, referring to the cabal to which Father Boyl seems to have been a party with Pedro Margarite, before both of them, watching their opportunity, stealthily seized a vessel and sailed for Europe to pour out their denunciations of Columbus into the ears of Ferdinand and Isabella:

Margarite and Buil and some others, treacherous scoundrels all of them, but clannish to their own race and class, decide that they will put up with it no longer. . . . Purposes, dim perhaps, but far greater and loftier than any of which these two mean souls had understanding, animated Columbus alike in his discoveries and in his account of them.¹

There is no special reason for charging Mr. Young in this and other passages with anti-clerical bias. Curiously enough the tone of Catholic writers, most of them ardent champions of the Admiral, is hardly less denunciatory. In a series of articles upon Columbus, founded on the biography by Count Roselly de Lorgues, which appeared in this review nearly forty years ago, the author does not scruple to condemn Father Boyl's "extravagant folly in excommunicating his leader for doing what he believed to be his duty." So again the same writer declares that "the appointment of this worldly-minded monk had no blessing of heaven upon it."² Naturally enough Washington Irving uses similar or stronger language, while even a devout modern Catholic, like Tarducci, condemns Boyl as "a proud and disloyal friar," and accuses him of "basely abandoning his post."

Further as a point of special interest which is re-echoed in nearly all the Catholic literature upon the subject, we may note an extraordinary mare's nest due originally to the perverse ingenuity of Roselly de Lorgues. According to this theory there were two homonymous Spanish religious at the close of the fifteenth century, one named Bernardo Boil, a Franciscan, and the other, who wrote his name Bernardo Boyl, a Benedictine. The Benedictine was a worldly-minded man of affairs, who had been employed by Ferdinand in all sorts of political negotiations. The Franciscan, on the other hand, is assumed to have been a holy friar full of apostolic zeal. King

¹ Filson Young, *Columbus*, pp. 235 and 246.

² *THE MONTH*, Dec. 1876, pp. 403 and 380.

Ferdinand, so Roselly assures us, desired to send out the Benedictine at the head of the missionaries, to serve as a kind of political agent and a check upon Columbus's enthusiasms, but Pope Alexander VI., whether by accident or design, addressed the appointment as apostolic delegate not to the Benedictine but to Bernard Boil, the Franciscan (" *Alexander, etc., dilecto filio Bernardo Boil, fratri ordinis minorum, vicario dicti ordinis in Hispaniarum regnis* ").¹ Upon the reception of the bull, Ferdinand is said to have suppressed the original and to have sent a modified copy to the Benedictine, telling him that he had been named Superior of the Mission; and it was the Benedictine accordingly who sailed in Columbus's second expedition and was afterwards the cause of many of the contradictions and humiliations which came to the explorer at a later date. Extravagant as this explanation was, it seemed to be supported by the heading of Alexander's bull, and it has consequently been adopted by such writers as Tarducci and Father Knight, and also forms the substance of the article devoted to Father Boil (*s.v.*, Buil, Bernardo) in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*. The fact that the whole account of Boil has practically been cancelled in an erratum appearing in the fifteenth volume of the work last named, is not likely, we fear, to attract the attention of many readers who may have occasion to peruse the article itself.²

The true history of the career of Bernardo Boil, elucidated as it has been by the painstaking research of Father Fidel Fita, S.J., will suffice without further argument to refute the ridiculous assumptions of M. Roselly de Lorgues. But before we come to this I may be permitted to point out that badly as Boil has been treated by his enemies, his reputation has suffered almost more disastrously from the eulogies of indiscreet friends. The science of hagiography has few more curious monuments to show than the work the title-page of which, in reduced facsimile, is represented overleaf. It

¹ This is the heading of the Bull in the copy still preserved in the papal *regesta*. It has been published entire, first by Father Fita in the *Boletín Histórico*, 1881, pp. 130, *seq.*, and afterwards by Haywood in his *Documenta Selecta*, where a facsimile is given.

² Justin Winsor (*Columbus*, p. 307) gives the following account of the matter. "The modern French canonizers, in order to reconcile the choice by the Pope of this recusant priest, claim that His Holiness, or the King for him, con-founded a Benedictine and Franciscan priest of the same name, and that the Benedictine was an unlucky changeling—perhaps even purposely—for the true monk of the Franciscans."

is to all intents and purposes a biography of Father Boyl, but the inscription may be thus translated:

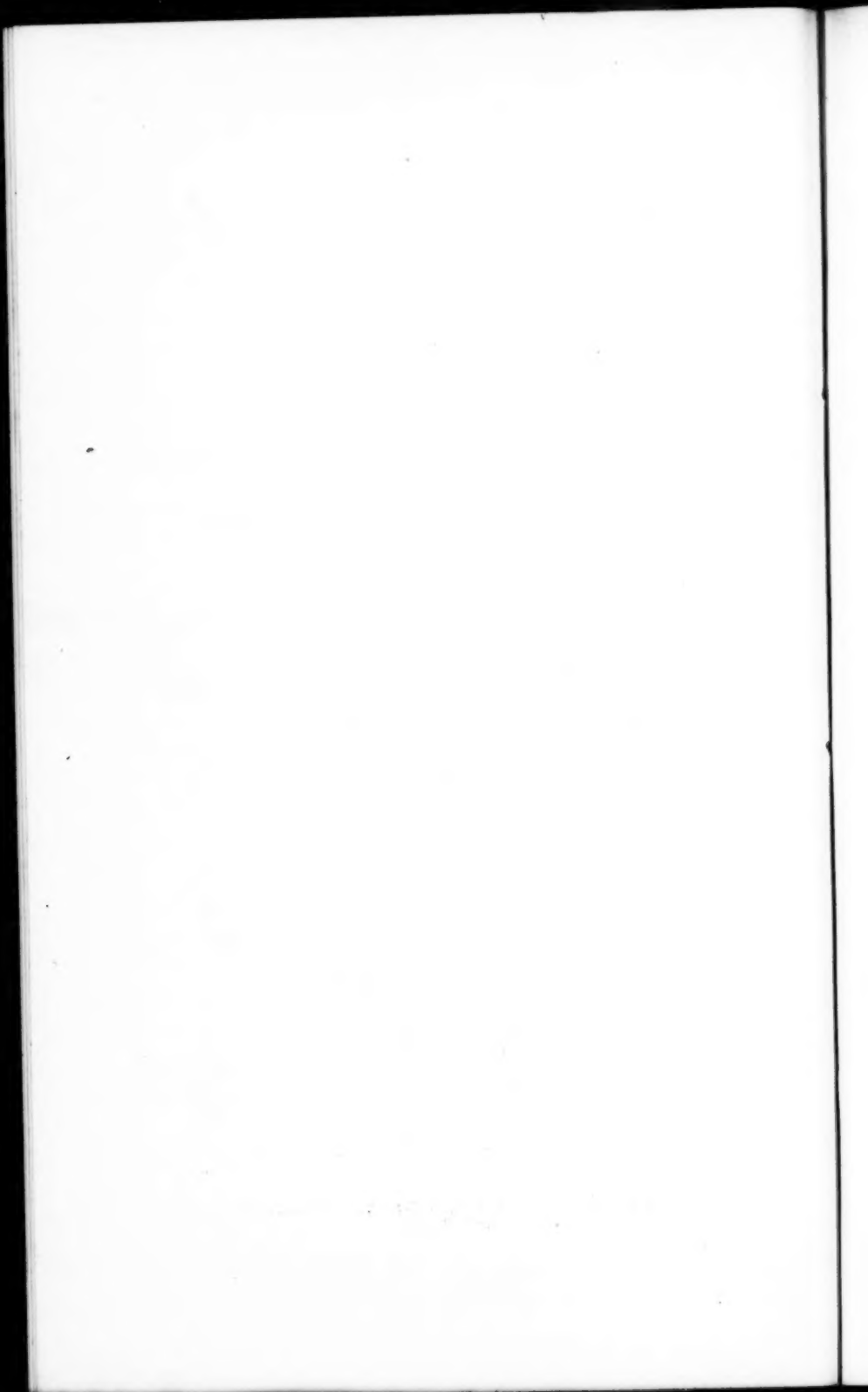
A NEW VOYAGE PERFORMED IN PRINT TO THE NEW WORLD OF WESTERN INDIA, being the journeyings of the very reverend Fathers and Brothers, to wit, the most Reverend and Illustrious Lord Dom Boyl, a Catalan, Abbot of Montserrat, Legate a latere, Vicar and Patriarch of the Holy Apostolic Roman, See throughout all America and the New World, and his associates, Monks of the Order of our Holy Father St. Benedict, priests appointed to preach the holy Gospel of Christ to the barbarous peoples of the aforesaid New World, despatched by the most holy Lord Pope Alexander VI. in the year of Christ 1492; Now for the first time gathered into one narrative and adorned with engravings, BY the Venerable Brother Dom Honorius Philoponus, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, 1621.

The reader may be left to study for himself the symbolism and the many quaint details of this elaborate design, which, in the original, is more than twice the size of the facsimile opposite. But he must not omit to notice that the supporters right and left of the inscription represent St. Brendan, the pioneer Irish missionary and legendary explorer of the Isles of Paradise, and on the other side Bernard Boyl, with archiepiscopal cross and pallium, in the act of baptizing a native whose expression shows his deep consciousness of virtue and the excellence of his good intentions.

The text of the volume is said to have been written by an Austrian Benedictine, Dom Gaspar Plautius, under the pseudonym "Philoponus" (Toil-lover). One might justifiably have hesitated to believe that Gaspar Plautius was the real author, if only from the fact that the book bears a long and highly complimentary dedication to Caspar Plautius himself, which professes to emanate from "his most obedient subject, Dom Honorius Philoponus." But Dom Ziegelbauer in his *Historia Rei Literariae O.S.B.* (vol. iv. pp. 476 and 532), states positively that Philoponus was only a pseudonym and that Plautius, Abbot of Seitenstött, in Austria, was the true author. Moreover, the fact is generally recognized by modern bibliographers. All the same, it is quaint to find the good Abbot dedicating his book to himself, and, for example, addressing to himself the words: "Seeing, most reverend and observant Lord, that thou dost wonderfully and painstakingly adorn monastic discipline, that thou generously treatest learn-



Fig. 1. Title-page of the NOVA TYPIS TRANSACTA NAVIGATIO by Philoponus.



ing and that thou lovest virtue above gold and the topaz, &c." Altogether the letterpress of the volume is even more remarkable than the illustrations, though these latter, as will be seen from a few much reduced specimens hereafter annexed, are curious enough.¹ Of precise historical data the work is almost entirely devoid. We are not told when Boyl was born or how or when he died. From beginning to end the author's one object seems to be to occupy a decent amount of space with the platitudes of indiscriminate panegyric, though he ekes out his slender materials with denunciations of the audacity of certain Franciscan writers who had ventured to affirm that the evangelization of the New World had first been undertaken by the Friars Minors, whose intimate relations with Columbus were known to all. A certain amount of space at the beginning of the book is devoted to St. Brendan, and his voyage is claimed as the prototype of the missionary journey of Boyl. To illustrate this a quaint engraving is given of the whale which St. Brendan, when Easter found him sailing in the open sea, ordered to stay quietly on the surface while he and his monks celebrated their paschal rites upon his back. The English metrical poem assures us that they chanted Matins and Vespers there, and moreover, all of them said their Masses, while the monster patiently remained "as still as any stone." Philoponus does not suggest the least suspicion that any element of fiction entered into this narrative, and he passes quite naturally to the choice by Alexander VI., of Abbot Boyl of Montserrat, to be "an angel of peace" and patriarch in the New World, when the discoveries of Columbus rendered it necessary to dispatch a band of missionaries to those regions. We have a description in some detail of the journey of Boyl to Rome to receive his faculties as Apostolic Delegate from the hands of the Pope himself, and though we are not explicitly told in the text that he was consecrated archbishop, an imposing engraving represents Boyl in the act of being invested by the Pontiff with the archiepiscopal pallium.² However, it is of course the Indian experiences of the missionary band which occupy the bulk of the volume. The author

¹ Several of these will also be found in the *Columbus and History of America* of Justin Winsor.

² It should be noted that Philoponus shows some consciousness that other authorities denied the fact of any such journey to Rome. It need hardly be said that there is no historical foundation for the idea that Boyl either visited Rome or saw the Pope, or received episcopal consecration before he set out for America.

fills his pages by expanding all the incidental notices of Boyl he can find in earlier chroniclers, while entirely ignoring references that are in any way uncomplimentary, and also by introducing his hero as an active participant in all the successful undertakings recorded of other people. A typical example of this may be noted in the incident illustrated in figure 4, where Boyl and Columbus are evidently hearing the Mass said on shore beside a river, while their vessels are moored outside. The text makes it clear that there is reference here to a well-known episode in the Admiral's voyage of exploration along the coast of Cuba. Several of the earliest narratives describe at some length the Mass said on July 7, 1494, beside the river which was afterwards christened in consequence the Rio de las Misas (River of the Masses), and expatiate upon the impression which Columbus's reverent demeanour produced upon the natives, adding an account of the speech which one of them afterwards made, and of the baskets of fruit they offered.¹ Now Philoponus calmly reproduces several of these details so as to make the identity of the incident unmistakable, but he locates it in Jamaica instead of in Cuba, and he introduces "the most reverend and illustrious Patriarch Buellius and his monks of the Order of St. Benedict" as producing the most notable impression upon the natives, relegating Columbus to quite the second place.² It is hardly necessary to add that the original chroniclers say nothing of Boyl in connection with this incident, no doubt for the excellent reason that he had remained at Isabella and never took part in this expedition at all.³

Even more astounding is the history which figure 5 professes to illustrate. This time we are transported more than two thousand miles from the island of Cuba and we are set

¹ See the texts in the *Raccolta Columbiana*, Part I, vol. i. p. 192; Bernaldez §§ 130 and 131; P. M. Anglerius, Dec. 1, cap. 3; Herreras, *Hist. Ind.* I. ii., 14, &c.

² "Vir igitur Princeps (*i.e.*, the pagan Cacique) et socii ejus, toto illo tempore quo sacrum a religiosis Ord. S. Benedicti sacerdotibus et Monachis fiebat, tanta modestiâ corporis sensuumque exteriorum, ore ac oculis intenti defixi immotique stabant, ut statuas, non vivos homines, esse crederes. Sacris deinceps ceremoniis officioque finitis, Illustrissimo Patriarchae Buellio ac Columbo Admirali fiscellum artificio miro concinnatum plenum pretiosis dulcissimisque patriis fructibus dono dedit." Philoponus, p. 61.

It will be noticed that here it is the religious ceremonial of the Benedictine monks which specially gives edification. In the accounts of the chroniclers it was the reverent behaviour of Columbus.

³ This fact seems to be historically certain from the relations between Boyl and Pedro Margarte, and from the appointment of Boyl as counsellor.



Fig. 2. The Easter Mass of St. Brendan, the Irish Missionary, on the whale's back.



Fig. 3. The Apostolical Labours of the "Patriarch" Father Boyl and his Monks.



Fig. 4. Mass said before Columbus and the "Patriarch" Boyl at the Rio de las Misas.



Fig. 5. Discourse of the "Patriarch" Boyl before King Atahualpa and Columbus in the royal palace of Cuzco, Peru.

down in the middle of the city of Cuzco in Peru. To appreciate the full measure of Philoponus's audacity in the description now referred to we must remind the reader that the kingdom of the Incas was only reached by the Spaniards for the first time in 1532, nearly forty years after the events of which we have been reading, and secondly that Father Boyl unquestionably sailed back to Europe at the close of 1494, never again to return to the Indies. This last fact, it may be said incidentally, is not only affirmed by several of the early chroniclers, but it is placed beyond dispute by documents which have only come to light in our own day through the researches of Father Fita. Two letters of the monarchs to Fonseca in December, 1494, and February, 1495, speak of the arrival of Boyl in Spain, while another similar despatch contains their clear decision that the missionary is not to return, a resolution confirmed by the fact that numerous documents attest his presence in the peninsula and in France during the years that follow.¹ Undeterred, however, by any trivial difficulties of this kind, Philoponus transfers his hero, together with Columbus, into the heart of the kingdom of the Incas. Long descriptions are given of the pomp which marked their arrival, and of the courtesy of their reception by the sovereign. An engraving shows Boyl and Columbus driving with the king in chariots drawn by mountain sheep, while the Spanish hidalgos, magnificently accoutred, ride on prancing steeds both before and behind. The climax is reached in the account given of a sort of grand durbar held a few days later at the invitation of the Peruvian monarch himself:

On the fourth day King Attabalipa² summoned all the Spaniards to his palace to discuss questions of religion. The Admiral drilled and equipped his men and the most illustrious and Reverend Patriarch, Boyl, with his religious priests, robed themselves in the sacred vestments in which imposing array the emblems of our holy faith were given to them to carry. The Patriarch Boyl came forward holding in his hand his gilded patriarchal cross, clad in his purple cowl and over it the apostolic pallium, wearing also a Cardinal's hat, while in his left hand he bore the volume of the Holy Gospels.

So far as I have noticed, Philoponus had not previously raised his hero to the exalted dignity of the Sacred College,

¹ See the *Boletín Histórico*, 1882, pp. 84, seq.

² He is commonly designated Atahualpa by more reliable historians.

but it is plain that if Boyl wore a Cardinal's hat it must presumably have been one which belonged to himself. The writer then goes on to describe the pomp and splendour of the procession, the brass instruments and the drums of the bandsmen, the group of ten Spanish colonels accoutred in the Spanish fashion, the plumed helmet and burnished hauberk of the Admiral, and many other details. So imposing was the spectacle, and more especially that of the Patriarch Boyl with his monk attendants as they followed him into the palace of Attabalipa, that the whole city of Cuzco appeared to be shaken to its foundations.¹ "Attabalipa seeing the dress of our priests, their religious modesty, and the wonderful spectacle of their holiness, was filled with awe."

A couple of folio pages are then taken up with a summary of Boyl's address upon the great truths of Christianity. When all this, and, as a climax, a particularly vivid description of the pains of Hell had been interpreted to King Attabalpida, the monarch trembled and would gladly have sought further instruction. But the influence of the women of the kingdom, who were specially given over to wantonness, was enlisted to repel the dangerous influence of these Christian ideas, and Philoponus shows comparative moderation in his concession that though the Patriarch Boyl sowed the seed of the future Christianity of Peru he did not at that time actually reap the harvest.

Beyond the fact that a certain number of pages are occupied in copying from older authorities descriptions of the various natural products of the West Indies, it may be said that the whole of the rest of the volume is in this strain of panegyric. It is difficult to satisfy oneself whether the author of such a production can have believed that he was writing serious history. So far as can be detected the book does not exhibit the faintest trace of any sort of Munchausen-like humour, and on the other hand the indignation with which the Franciscan claim to have any part or lot in Boyl's exploits is rejected, is expressed in terms of exaggerated rhetoric which sound as if the writer were very much in earnest. Of course, there can be no doubt that the Franciscans did claim to have been the first missionaries in America. Thus, in 1587, their General, Father Gonzaga, wrote in his History of the Order:

¹ "Ad hoc spectaculum ipsa Cusconensis civitas a fundamentis fere visa est commoveri, adeo multorum hominum accursus et frequentia aderat." Philoponus, p. 70.

Some little time after the conquest of this island [*i.e.*, Hayti, or Hispaniola as it was called by the Spaniards] some of our friars, and among them Friar Juan Perez, who was most inconsistent with Columbus that he should not abandon so great a charge, made a prosperous voyage to these regions, and in this way laid the foundation of the present Franciscan province. For the same Friar Juan Perez, when he came to the island, had a straw hut built, and in this he celebrated the first Mass and took care that the Sacrament of the Eucharist should be continually reserved, and this was the first church in all the West Indies.¹

For the moment we may set all these interested statements aside as quite untrustworthy. The fact is that a very curious laxity of conscience as regards literary matters and historical veracity had come into fashion in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. In almost every Religious Order at this period members were to be found against whom charges of something very like piracy or forgery could be urged with much show of reason.² But it would be most unfair to make a whole religious organization in any way responsible for the eccentric views of literary honesty possessed by one or other of its members. In this very matter it is pleasant to notice that while Philoponus writes as wildly as we have seen, Antonio Yopez, O.S.B., in his *Coronicon general de la Orden de San Benito*, frankly admits that he could find no evidence which would connect Fray Boyl, the first Patriarch and missionary that went to the Indies, with the Benedictine community of Montserrat.³

I have spent so much time upon the untrue and distorted presentments of the career of the first evangelist of the New World, that it would be hopeless in the space now at my disposal to attempt any sketch of the trustworthy information which we do possess concerning him. Let it be sufficient to say for the present that there is not a shadow of reason for affirming (though strange to say this fiction still survives in the very newest and fullest Spanish Encyclopædia now in course of publication at Barcelona) that there were two Ber-

¹ F. Gonzaga, *De origine seraphicæ Religionis Franciscanæ*, p. 1198. This sumptuous work was written by the General of the Franciscans, printed in Rome in 1587, and dedicated to the Franciscan Pope, Sixtus V., then reigning.

² Writing as a member of the Society of Jesus I am bound to confess that the authorship of the spurious chronicle of Flavius Dexter has never been satisfactorily accounted for except on the supposition that the work was a forgery or mystification of Father Jerome Roman de la Higuera, S. J.

³ Yopez, *Coronica General*, iv. 247.

nardo Boyls, both eminent Religious who lived in the time of Columbus. Secondly, it is now certain that the Boyl who undoubtedly went to America in company with the Admiral on his second voyage was neither a Benedictine nor a Franciscan, but a hermit of the Order of Minims, then recently founded by St. Francis of Paul. But the fuller explanation of these facts must, with the reader's permission, be reserved for another occasion.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Simple Simon.

THIS is a story of Simple Simon. It has a strange element in it which may make it worth while to set it forth, albeit that it is a story of the slums, and we have no one save the Mystic and the person alluded to as the *Rum Bloke* to answer for its authenticity.

Mystics, we know, are people who "see things," and "rum blokes" are—well, to translate the unpermissible adjective,—peculiar.

My readers, therefore, must take it for what it is worth, and furthermore forgive the lack of poetry, at any rate on its surface.

He came by his nickname—Simple Simon—just by accident, as it were; and he had the good sense, even at that period, not to attach any blame to the "rum bloke" with whom it originated. He had been taking the work back for his mother to Mr. Moss Isaacofsky's tailoring establishment at "Aldgit"—a big bundle it was, as big as himself, wrapped in black cloth. Mr. Isaacofsky, who represented the men of England even less adequately than his historic *confrères* of Tooley Street, inasmuch as he was a native of Russia, traded a good mile away from the home of the bearer of the burden. The *Rum Bloke* had stopped and spoken to the boy under the bundle, making inquiries as to its contents, and upon being informed that it was "trousers," had further inquired how far they were to be conveyed, and how much the bearer hoped to take home to his mother. Upon learning the exact number of pence with which Mr. Moss Isaacofsky proposed to remunerate the labourer, the *Rum Bloke* had surveyed the wizen form under the bundle with grave commiseration.

"And you carry a bundle like that for a mile every day?" he had repeated, summing up the information that had been tendered to him, not without some suspicion on the part of the youth under catechism—the *Bloke's* "trousers" were shab-

by to an extreme.—Might he not be contemplating a raid on the bundle, the property of Mr. Moss Isaacofsky?

"And don't you find it terribly heavy, little man?"

"Middlin'," had been the matter-of-fact reply; and then the *Rum Bloke* had regarded the bundle, and the boy under it, with very gentle eyes, and had smiled a quaint smile that gave a new expression to his thin, wrinkled face, and he had said: "Well done, little Simon of Cyrene."

Evidently he didn't mean any offence, and none would have been taken, nor would any harm have been done, had not two or three little brothers and sisters, and some boon companions of the latter, been accompanying "Simon of Cyrene" on his way. It was just as luck would have it, for generally they remained at home threading needles for the mother, getting forward with more "trousers." Overhearing the *Bloke's* extraordinary observation, "Oh, my!" a sister's friend had cried. "'E's callin' yer names! Simon! Wot O!" and being a little maiden possessed of considerable native wit, and having also been instructed in the Play-School in the classics, with a view to correcting the modern vulgarities of the music halls, she proceeded to chant "Simple Simon met a pieman," to the great joy of her companions. And "Simple Simon" stuck. Even "muvver," when she heard the comical adventure recounted, observed that "simple Simon sooted 'im not 'arf bad"; and an act of simplicity perpetrated that same evening (it had reference to a marketing deal with Mrs. Lazarus, the greengroceress, which unnecessarily impoverished the family by a "farden") served to confirm the title; and "Simple Simon" he remained, bearing the burden of an opprobrious title in addition to the bundle, beneath the weight of which his puny and malformed exterior became less and less personable.

But Simple Simon was destined to come into closer contact with the *Rum Bloke*. It fell out like this: One evening a minor tragedy overtook the bearer of the black bundle. The finished work presented to Mr. Isaacofsky was held in that gentleman's estimation to be inadequately finished. Mr. Moss Isaacofsky, in fact, emphasized this opinion with many oaths, some in Yiddish, and some in a tongue understood by Simple Simon. The gist of Mr. Isaacofsky's speech was intensely to the point. The work must be taken back and done over again before Mr. Isaacofsky would put down his good copper coins. But Mr. Moss Isaacofsky was the soul of

generosity, the model employer. If Simple Simon liked to take the usual bundle of fresh work as well as the rejected one he could do so, in spite of the disgraceful condition in which the latter had been returned. So Simple Simon shouldered the new bundle, superadded to that which he had brought thither. It was a mighty load! The question was whether Simple Simon could manage it at any price. He plodded along under it for a short distance. Then his foot slipped and he fell, and the bundle rolled into the mud. So did Simon; and some factory ladies who happened to be near were highly amused. Simple Simon struggled to his feet and tried again. A doorstep afforded a convenient rest by the way, but a gentleman issuing from the house to which the doorstep belonged helped Simple Simon to his feet again with his toe, and the progress continued. A drunken navvy lurching up against him caused the third subsidence. Simon took rather a long time to get up on this occasion. And at this point it was that he found himself in front of the large church where they worship candles and pray to pictures and images. Simple Simon knew a boy called Murphy who went there on Sundays, and sometimes carried a candle, hence the data *re* candle-worship. The door of the church stood open. Now an edifice that encouraged the presence of Pat Murphy would naturally provoke less respect than an ordinary one. Simon was horribly used up. The refuge looked inviting. Simon peeped in: he was conscious of the bundle. A short but energetic course of instruction at a Ragged Sunday School had imbued him with the knowledge that a bundle in church is as unseemly as such an appendage would be in a Duchess's drawing-room; still, Simple Simon told himself, a church that tolerated the boy Murphy could have no cause to give itself special airs. He ventured in. A few people were kneeling about, and standing just near the door, with their backs to him, were two "blokes," and one of them no other than the *Rum Bloke* himself!

Simple Simon bore no malice towards the originator of his humiliating nickname, although the reiterated information that plums didn't grow on thistles still carried a sting with it. He was glad that the *Bloke* couldn't see him because of the bundle. Simple Simon wriggled himself into a dark corner, set the impious impedimenta down on the floor beside him (he was standing just below a statue with outstretched hands), and listened to what the *Rum Bloke* was saying.

He was wearing black petticoats on this occasion that hid his shabby "trousers." The other gentleman was by way of being a "real toff," and Simple Simon remarked with much interest that the *Rum Bloke* had got a bad name for him as well, by which he addressed him.

"You're a mystic," he was saying, "so you will appreciate my new Stations; there's a lot of real poetry in that French fellow's designs, he's a magnificent painter, too. You'll be able to see them better when the boys bring the lights; we are just going to make the Stations."

"I'll join in, with pleasure," replied the man who had submitted to being called a mystic. Simple Simon wondered what on earth it all meant.

Presently the *Rum Bloke* disappeared, and re-entered, wearing a white thing over his petticoats; and preceded by two boys in purple and white apparel—mystic, wonderful, a kind never requisitioned by Mr. Moss Isaacofsky's clients. These latter posted themselves, with the candles that they were carrying, under the first of a series of pictures which adorned the walls of the dark aisle at intervals. A handful of people closed up in a little group, and the proceedings began.

Simple Simon, with his bundle, hovered in the shadow on the other side of the tall columns where there was a narrow gangway between the latter and the rows of rush-bottomed chairs. When the little procession moved on to the next position, Simple Simon, impelled by curiosity, picked up his bundle and moved on likewise. He was totally unobserved in the shadow. Praying before pictures was a new and interesting vagary on the part of the human race, which disported itself with sufficient eccentricity in any case in Simon's world!

From the second to the third they passed, and Simon shouldered his impedimenta and trudged with the moving group. The bundle was heavy, but it was worth it!

He could see the man who had been called a mystic walking with the others. He was staring fixedly at each picture as though there were something there that he could not understand. Simon had never seen a man look so perplexed. He concluded that this queer experience was as new to the mystic as to himself.

When they arrived at the fifth Station Simple Simon received a shock. To begin with, he was feeling uncommonly queer on account of the weight of the bundle, and was, in-

deed, wondering whether he could hold out much longer when he distinctly caught the sound of the name that the *Bloke* had addressed him by on that other occasion. The *Bloke* had evidently spotted him! Simon didn't wait to reason. A bad conscience had, no doubt, made him unduly sensitive. The extreme impropriety of carrying a huge burden round a church, practically in the face of a congregation, most of whom carried prayer-books, would more than justify the *Bloke* in interpolating a comment. He had not caught what it was—he had a sort of buzzing in his ears—but doubtless he was in for it! As quickly as he could he shuffled across the church under the weight of his double burden. Somehow he got as far as the door, then he “came over queer.” Seeing a shy little seat at the far end of a bench Simon, in his extremity, slipped into it and deposited the bundle. Sitting there quietly he began to feel better again. The last picture had been “prayed to” by now, and the little congregation had dispersed. Only the *Bloke* and the Mystic remained. They came down the aisle where Simple Simon was hiding, talking together.

“But my dear fellow,” the *Bloke* was saying, “what do you mean? What is it that you find so extraordinary in my Stations? I’m surprised; I thought the pictures would have appealed to you.” “But,” the other said, “why—why is our Saviour represented in the first five without His cross?”

The other stared at him in amazement.

“What idea have you got in your head?” he said. “Couldn’t you see the pictures properly?”

“I saw perfectly,” the other said, “and there was no cross on the shoulders of our Lord until the sixth Station—Veronica! And Simon of Cyrene is represented as quite a boy—what can the artist be about?”

His companion looked at him in silence for a moment. “Don’t you think we had better go back and see?” he said quietly, and to the listener’s intense relief they turned back, and Simple Simon thanked his stars that he had escaped a great peril.

He grabbed the terrible bundle and staggered to the door. It was slow work getting along. How funny those blokes had been about the pictures. He had seen the figure with the cross on the shoulders plainly enough. The pictures were still before his eyes, getting bigger and bigger. The voices of the speakers rung in his ears ever so loud, and the bundle—would

he ever get the bundle home? And there were no coppers to buy supper, moreover. The big spirit that animated the little wizen form suddenly gave out.

At that moment he heard the actual voices of the two, the *Bloke* and the Mystic, just behind him. He was being pursued. They were certainly going to run him in!—have him “put away,” an euphemism meaning incarceration in a Reformatory, for larking round their church with a bundle!

The shock of this culminating horror proved too much for Simple Simon. There came a sound of rushing waters in his ears, mingled with the voice of the man saddled with the nickname of Mystic, saying, “Stop a bit, I think I know the lad—I’ve seen his face before somewhere. He must be one of the Settlement boys. Call a cab and I’ll take him there; we’ll soon get him round, poor little chap.”

After that came a hiatus in the conscious existence of Simple Simon. When he came to he was dimly conscious that he was being taken somewhere in a conveyance. He couldn’t at first remember what had happened. Then a voice said: “I can’t think where I’ve seen the lad! The face is quite familiar; I’ve seen him somewhere quite lately, yet I don’t believe it was at the Settlement—more recently still.” Then—“I’ve got it, Mike! Good God! (this quite reverently) It’s Simon of Cyrene!”

Whereat Simple Simon came to precipitately and made a plea for clemency.

“Yus, it’s me,” he groaned despairingly, “but don’t be hard on me, Gov’nour. I thought it was an open sepulchre! They told as ‘ow churches was public sepulchres, and I couldn’t ‘elp the bundle!”

“That accounts for it,” the *Bloke* (who it seemed, after all, was only a man called Mike!) exclaimed. “He was in church and you got an impression of him into your eye, and somehow it transferred itself to my picture.”

“It’s certainly the same face,” the other admitted, “but”—in business-like tones—“we must see to you, my little man!” and Simple Simon was plied with kindly questions as to his belongings.

It all ended amazingly well for Simple Simon. They kept him at the Settlement, and sent the “trousers” home to his mother, together with an ample substitute for Mr. Moss Isaacofsky’s honorarium.

It was discovered by the Settlement doctor that Simple

Simon was suffering from a form of malady that made the bearing of bundles a very terrible thing indeed. Work of a less exacting nature was found for the mother, and Simon was taken into the Settlement to do odd jobs when he returned from the hospital—on crutches, with one leg abbreviated to the knee. Very odd jobs they were, too!

On the first day that he made the Stations on his crutches—Simon had learnt enough now to know what prayers before pictures meant, and to desire with a great desire to take part in the glorious devotion—the Mystic was there. The man called Mike watched the latter curiously as they paused before the first Station. He had given a slight start, drawn a quick breath, and a strange light had come into his eyes. He had been perfectly silent afterwards, and the other had never asked him what he had seen, but it is known that when there is a big thing to be pulled off at the Settlement, whether something for the bettering and blessing of the poor, or for the salvation of a soul at grips with the devil, it may be, the Mystic says, "Little Brother Simon (Simple Simon's name at the Settlement), I want you to make the Way of the Cross for my intention this evening." And it is remarked by the man called Mike that when little Simon of Cyrene adds to his odd jobs this, the one act of labour required of him, the big thing is generally pulled off.

ENID M. DINNIS.

The Gospel of the non-Miraculous.

WE have been told of late, for instance, by an Oxford Professor of Divinity, whose book on the Miracles of the Gospel made a stir when published some eighteen months ago, that "to reject miracles is not to reject the supernatural," but on the contrary, is "to make it possible to retain the essence of belief in the supernatural in the only form in which educated thought can long retain it." To meet this philosophical view all that savours of the miraculous in the life of our Lord has been extracted by what purport to be critical methods; and the Gospel thus eviscerated, under the name of the Gospel of the non-Miraculous, is commonly presented to the half-sceptical, half-believing world, as the Gospel brought up to date and adapted to modern needs. It is particularly unfortunate when a book of this nature comes out under the authorship of one who professes himself a fervent believer in the supernatural, for thus fathered it is the more likely to impress, in a country like England, the vast numbers who take delight in religious theorizing, but are, with rare exceptions, singularly incapable of religious thinking.

Perhaps it was this which caused the Bishop of London, who in his opening discourse made special reference to Mr. J. M. Thompson's work, to choose the Miracles of the Gospel for the subject of his recent Lenten Mission. Referring in this opening address (which was delivered at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Square, on Ash Wednesday) to St. Peter's first sermon on the day of Pentecost, he noted how it was based on an appeal to the miracles of our Lord. "Jesus of Nazareth," said St. Peter, "a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs which God did by him in the midst of you, as you yourselves know, him. . . . God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death." And the

¹ *Miracles and the New Testament.* By the Rev. J. M. Thompson. London; Edwin Arnold. 1913.

Bishop of London justly claimed that precisely to this appeal were due the marvellous spiritual effects of that sermon which led straight off to the conversion, followed by steady adherence to the Apostle's teaching and fellowship, of three thousand souls.

But it was a miraculous Gospel which produced this. Take away from them their belief that One had appeared whose word of Sovereign Power could cure the blind, and raise the dead; minimize and finally destroy the belief that the same Jesus who had been crucified had risen again; once allow the belief to be tolerated that His flesh had seen corruption and that His Body had rotted in the tomb or in some other place to which it had been carried, and there is no reason to suppose that any of these results would have been produced. In other words, it was a miraculous Gospel which originally converted the world.

And he expressed his firm conviction that only a miraculous Gospel can hope to convert our modern world.

And what is the Gospel that will convert our world? There are men in our midst to-day, good men, Christian men, devout men, who are convinced that miracles are the great obstacle to the progress of the Gospel in the world to-day. There have been many books and articles even by men in Holy Orders which, more or less distinctly, have said so in so many words; it is the prevailing idea in much Continental theology; one book, by a man singularly devout in his personal allegiance to our Lord, boldly asserted that there was no reason why any miracle in the New Testament should be believed on critical grounds, and the danger is lest, by perpetual reiteration, the ears of the Church should be made accustomed to a non-miraculous Gospel, and the conscience of the Church drugged as to the inconsistency between such a gospel and the Gospel of the opening sermon of the Christian Church. For myself, I am convinced of this—and though I claim to be no special expert on New Testament criticism, I claim to know something of the Gospel in its relation to the masses of our great cities and to the undergraduate mind at Oxford and Cambridge—that once the ordinary working man is asked to believe that the Body of Jesus Christ really perished, and that the belief in His Resurrection was cleverly managed by the appearance of an empty tomb, his only bitter comment will be "I have often thought it of the parson, but now I know that Almighty God does not run straight." And if the undergraduates of to-day are dragged away from the original Gospel to believe in a non-miraculous Christ, then their successors, if not themselves, will look on Christ merely as a good

man, and the cold grip of a Unitarian belief will paralyze at its vitals the hope, and faith, and love of a still living Church.

We in the Catholic Church must fully share in the Bishop of London's convictions, and thank him for the series of impressive sermons by which he followed up this initial thought, and showed the intimate bearing on Christian faith and Christian life of the miraculous incidents in our Lord's life. There is not, indeed, any likelihood that this non-miraculous Gospel will obtain a foothold in the Catholic Church. Its incompatibility with the Christian faith is too clear not to be enforced by the ruling authority of that Church, and accepted by those who wish to remain in its fold. Still, our people cannot escape mental contact with their non-Catholic neighbours, and they may profit by this reminder of what a non-Miraculous Gospel involves, if it leads them to advert to the method of procedure by which it is deemed possible to divest the story of our Lord as told in the Gospels of that rich profusion of miracles which to the plain reader appears so intimately interwoven into the very substance of its texture.

What is essential in this strange procedure is the undue control over the investigation of the historical evidences, which it allows to philosophical and scientific presuppositions of a very hazardous kind. It is indeed impossible to carry on an historical investigation without starting from some presuppositions furnished by the investigator's philosophical or scientific notions. But primarily an historical investigation should be governed by historical principles, and it is only when after faithfully adhering to this rule it finds itself led to conclusions in complete accord with the presuppositions dictated by extraneous studies, that the soundness of these latter can be regarded as confirmed. If the accord is obtained only by straining the application of the historical principles, the presuppositions stand condemned, and the proper course is to abandon them for others better able to stand the historical test.

The first question then to consider in judging of an inquirer into the truth of the Gospel miracles is whether he approaches his subject, persuaded that true miracles cannot happen; or persuaded that the possibility of their happening cannot be excluded, indeed, that for those who have solid grounds for believing in a living and personal God, who cherishes His earthly children with a peculiar care, it is even

likely that true miracles will be met with at times in the course of sacred history, especially in connection with such a mystery of divine condescension as the Incarnation of the Eternal Word. So far, it would be premature to make complaint of the procedure of either of our two inquirers. But the next question which they must both face is whether, if an accord between one or other of the opposed presuppositions and the historical procedure has been reached, it has been through a natural or a strained interpretation of the text. And is it not becoming clearer each day that, whilst the natural interpretation of the Gospel text is in easy accord with the presuppositions favourable to the miraculous, the attempt to make it accord with the presuppositions which exclude the miraculous has led to the strangest manipulations of the same text during a prolonged course of rationalistic investigation; in which theories, popular for a time, have had to yield to others presently found to be equally unsatisfactory, just because each and all were felt sooner or later to do violence to the sacred text?

Without going far afield we may find an illustration of this faulty method in the book already referred to. The Rev. J. M. Thompson protests indeed that, whatever may be thought of the validity of his critical processes, he has at least been careful not to invoke on their behalf any *a priori* principle condemning miracles as impossible.

There was a time [he says] when either the impossibility of miracles as such, or the impossibility of finding sufficient evidence to prove them would have been held to rule out our whole inquiry. But nowadays the scientific view is more cautiously expressed. The more confidently we rely upon the uniformity of nature the more willing we are to allow that, after all, it is a postulate of scientific method, not a necessity of thought. In practice, it is true, to admit a miracle is to commit intellectual suicide. But, theoretically, science does not deny the possibility of anything. Further the possibility that a miracle may happen involves (at least in theory) the possibility of finding sufficient evidence to prove it. Accordingly we need not turn aside into the paths of this ancient controversy.

But a passage like this cannot be taken to mean more than that this writer is not prepared to state reasons for denying the possibility of miracles. When we hear him say that in practice to admit a miracle is to commit intellectual

suicide, we understand that we have to do with one who is prepared, if necessary, to do violence to the historical data rather than admit that they involve a miraculous intervention; with one, therefore, whom we must watch sharply in his historical procedure.

Mr. Thompson, whilst thus committing himself to a wholesale denial of the miraculous, has his criticism to offer on the presuppositions favouring the possibility of miracles. "It is suggested," he says, "that miracles must have happened, because there are excellent reasons why they should have done so." He states this very categorically, but it would have been better had he given some authority for this way of putting it. For our own part we have never met with any believers in the miraculous who took up such a barefaced *a priori* position. What we do find them taking up is the essentially different position that miracles *may* happen, or may have happened, inasmuch as there does not appear to be anything impossible in them; and even are likely to happen, particularly as accompaniments of an event like the Incarnation, inasmuch as they offer a means, easily intelligible to man, of attesting some special Divine presence and Divine action. Nowhere do believers assume that they *must* happen, still less that their actual happening can be affirmed as an inference from the possibility or likelihood of their happening. On the contrary they look to the historical data, examined in the light of that sound criticism which discredits all violent interpretations, for the conclusive proof that the Gospel miracles were true historical facts.

In the light of this view of the proper relation between historical evidence and philosophical presuppositions, let us compare Mr. Thompson's treatment of the Scripture evidence for the facts of our Lord's life with that which recommends itself to a plain unsophisticated reader.

To begin with St. Mark's Gospel, which Mr. Thompson, with the mass of non-Catholic critics at the present moment, regards as the earliest and most authentic of the Gospels. The plain unsophisticated reader might be trusted to describe the earlier chapters of this Gospel as setting forth one long march of miracles—of miracles besought, miracles granted, miracles obviously intended to invite attention to the personality of their author, miracles interpreted by the people in the midst of whom they were wrought as convincing proofs that Jesus was in some mysterious way the Son of God. Thus after tel-

ling compendiously of the Baptism of Jesus, and of the witness to His Sonship borne in more general terms by the Baptist, and in distinct terms by the " Spirit descending like a dove " upon Him, of the Temptation in the desert during which angels ministered to Him, of the calling of the Apostles uttered with such an air of superhuman prerogative, it commences its story with a visit to the synagogue at Capharnaum. There Christ began to teach, and the hearers are at once struck with the tone of authority in which He utters His precepts, so unlike what they were accustomed to find in the Scribes. It seemed to them to require some explanation, and at once the explanation comes. A man with an unclean spirit breaks forth in language of violent expostulation, saying, " What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth, art Thou come to destroy us? I know who Thou art, the holy one of God." It was astonishing language if addressed to anyone who was less than what they acknowledged Him to be, but their insight was confirmed by His action, for He threatens the evil spirit, saying, " Speak no more and go out of the man." And the spirit " went out of him." General amazement ensued. It was not merely the tone of authority over men which astonished them. " What is this?" they asked. " What is this new doctrine? [or, rather, ' manner of teaching ']. For with authority he commandeth even the unclean spirits and they obey him."

As was to be expected the fame of what had happened " spread forthwith through all the country of Galilee." Meanwhile, quietly leaving the synagogue He went to the house of Simon and Andrew with James and John. Simon's wife's mother was sick of a fever. He took her by the hand, lifted her up, and " the fever left her," so completely that at once she rose and ministered to them. But soon the effects of what had happened in the synagogue began to tell. By sunset "all the city was gathered together " at Simon's door. They had brought to Jesus all that were sick of divers diseases or possessed with devils. These too, who in all made up a large number, He healed and sent away. Apparently to forestall their endeavours to retain in their midst one whose power of healing was so great, He retired early the next morning to a desert place, and then, when told that "all men" sought Him, He declined to go back to the town, but began an itinerant ministry through the neighbouring towns and cities, and afterwards through " all Galilee," everywhere casting out devils.

At one time a leper came to Him, presumably in some retired spot, such as lepers were allowed to frequent. He came with an act of faith on his lips, which the news of what Jesus had been doing evoked, saying, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." His faith was at once rewarded, and "he was made clean." He was told to keep his cure secret, perhaps till his cure had been certified by the priests, but he could not retain such glad news. He began "to blaze abroad the matter," and this made the multitudes so insistent that for the time our Lord could not go into any of their cities. The necessity of heeding their petitions, it would seem, made His work of preaching impossible.

Still, after some days, which may well mean a considerable time, He got back to Capharnaum. There He entered a house, perhaps Simon's house, and was at once besieged by a crowd which filled all its spaces. They were listening to His preaching, when a sufferer from paralysis was let down through the opened roof, and lay at His feet on his mattress. Then came a new surprise for the people. Instead of healing the sufferer, He said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." To some Scribes, who had seen in the new Rabbi the adversary of their class and had come to watch Him, it seemed preposterous. "Who can forgive sins but God only?" Then Jesus performed the corporal, in vindication of the spiritual, act of mercy; "that you may know the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins . . . arise, take up thy bed and walk." The paralytic took up his bed "and went his way in the sight of all; and all wondered and glorified God, saying we never saw the like." The multitude were now prepared to hang on His words, and they follow Him everywhere to receive His teaching, miracles hardly less frequent still attending Him, among them the sudden healing of an arm that had withered up. At length comes a time when He was on the lake with His disciples, and whilst He slept in the boat a fierce storm sprang up, so violent that the disciples, fishermen though they were and accustomed to this lake, were filled with terror. "Master," in their anxiety, they cry out, "doth it not concern Thee that we perish?" Then He rose up, rebuked the wind and said to the sea, "'Peace, be still'; and the wind ceased and there was made a great calm." Another class was added to the exercises of superhuman power which came so easily to this mysterious teacher; and "they said to one another 'who is this that both the wind and sea obey Him?'"

Whilst they were at the Eastern side of the lake, to which this night voyage had brought them, He wrought a fresh miracle of exorcism on behalf of a particularly wild demoniac, and then, returning again to the Capharnaum district, He showed that not even yet had the limit of His extraordinary power been reached; for not only did He allow mere contact with His garments to heal at once a poor woman who for twelve years had suffered from an incurable issue of blood, but He actually restored life to the dead. He entered, at the request of the poor father, a house in which the mourners were wailing over the body of his dead child; He took the twelve years old maiden by the hand, and said, "Damsel, arise," and she arose and walked. Next we hear of His sending forth His disciples to preach, and imparting to them a measure of this miraculous power, which they employed with success in many exorcisms and healings. But now was to come a miracle that surpassed in magnitude all that had preceded it. He multiplied a little bread and two fishes in the wilderness till it sufficed to feed, and more than feed, five thousand people, and again, shortly after, He repeated the same miracle for the feeding of four thousand others. Mark also describes in one of those vivid pictures which reflect the memory of an eye-witness, the impression produced by the former miracle on the multitude, who lined the road wherever He went, bringing with them their sick, and laying them by the road-side, that they might touch His garment as He passed, in a fulness of faith that was rewarded by the cures desired. Other miracles too are recorded by St. Mark, as the walking on the waters, the healing of a deaf-mute, of two blind men, and of some demoniacs, as well as of the sudden withering of the fig-tree in obedience to His command in the very week of His Passion.

When we turn to the other Evangelists we find that, besides travelling over the same ground as St. Mark, they add some other miracles. St. Matthew adds the story of the centurion's son, of the two blind men, and of a deaf mute, and of the *statera* found as predicted in the fish's mouth. St. Luke, besides the healing of the centurion's son, which he has in common with St. Matthew, tells of several other very striking miracles, of the restoration to life of the widow's son, of the healing of a deaf-mute, of the woman who had been bent double for eighteen years, of the ten lepers. St. John gives but five miracles, the miracle of Cana, of the ruler's

son, of the paralytic at Bethesda, of the man born blind, of the raising of Lazarus; but each of these he describes with full and impressive details.

Such, briefly stated, is the record given by the Evangelists of the miracles wrought by our Lord during His public life, but to obtain a complete view of the extent to which, if we can believe these writers, the miraculous entered into His life, we must include in the picture the miracles of the Holy Infancy recorded by St. Matthew and St. Luke, supreme among which was the marvel of the Virgin-birth; and still more the stupendous marvel which was the crowning miracle of His life, the Resurrection from the dead, His appearances to His disciples, and finally, his Ascension into Heaven. Nor must we stop even there. To the plain reader who has no *a priori* thoughts in his mind to prevent him from taking in their plain meaning the other books of the New Testament, and correlating with these the subsequent history of the Church, it appears impossible to separate this miraculous record of the life of our Lord from the miraculous incidents recorded in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul; or in the early history of the Church which unquestionably grew out of the general persuasion that its Divine Founder and His Apostles had appealed, in authentication of His teachings and injunctions, to this wealth of miracles as evidencing His power over human and physical nature. In short, to the plain man, when he reads first his New Testament and then his Church history, it cannot but appear as certain that—to pass over what further may be established as to ecclesiastical miracles, in past and present times—the miracles of the New Testament and the foundation and continuance of the Christian Church are so intimately connected that to reject the former is to reject the latter.

Let us now see how Mr. Thompson, whom we are taking as a typical representative of the school of destructive critics in question, contrives to extract the miraculous out of the narrative of which it is apparently so essential an element. And in starting let us bear in mind that he is prepared to accept the Gospel narrative as a whole, so far as it ascribes to our Lord words or actions which can be regarded as belonging to the natural order. Even when dealing with incidents that he finds particularly puzzling, he feels the necessity of acknowledging that they have a real historical foundation. Thus, in reference to the Feeding of the Five Thousand,

the Feeding of the Four Thousand, the raising to life of Jairus's daughter, the calming of the sea, the walking on the waters, he feels that "the stories as they stand are simple and straightforward, with some signs of first-hand evidence, and comparatively little trace of evidential motive: it is difficult to resist the impression that they are based on genuine reminiscences of the disciples."

Briefly his position is this, that, if we distinguish in the Gospels, Acts and Epistles of St. Paul what profess to be miracles into Visions, Cures, and Wonders, we need find no difficulty in accepting as true the Visions and the Cures, since "there is probably nothing in the original form of these events, which cannot be explained on the lines of religious psychology and faith-healing." His sole difficulty is as to the true nature of the wonders, and as to these his verdict is that they never happened.

We know [he says] of no natural laws and we can conceive of no power consistent with such laws, by which men could walk on water, or multiply bread, or restore the dead to life, in the way in which Jesus is stated to have done these things. We have no experience, and we can never hope to have experience of water suddenly changing into wine, of trees withering away in a moment, or of iron gates swinging open of their own accord. Either these events are miracles or they never happened. The upshot of our inquiry is that they never happened.

Here, however, Mr. Thompson may be reminded that, unless he is prepared to take up a position in regard to the miracles of healing far beyond what medical science is likely to sanction, he must extend considerably his list of "marvels" which "are either miracles or never happened." He seems to think he can treat all cases of healing as neurotic, and capable of being cured by emotional methods. He would have us believe that our Lord's one method of healing was by stirring up "faith" in the mind of the applicant, understanding by "faith" not what the Catholic Church (fully supported by the New Testament teaching) means by it, but that species of overflow of strong emotion in exciting which Welsh Revivals are so successful. He even includes in his category of faith-healing cases in which the faith demanded and given is that of the father (Mark ix. 22, 23), or of some other person than the patient (cf. Matt. viii. 13), not perceiving that the intermixture of such cases shows that

the faith required was a moral, not a physical disposition. Indeed, he does not even advert to this palpable objection to his theory. But these apart, it does not seem to have occurred to him that all the sick who came to our Lord to be healed could not have been the victims of merely functional diseases of the nervous system. According to St. Mark's account, Jesus began His course of healings at Capharnaum, when in the synagogue He rebuked the unclean spirit that was in an unfortunate man present, and bade it come out of him, which forthwith it did; and immediately afterwards he healed Peter's wife's mother of her fever. Let us make, for the sake of argument, the large concession that the subjects of these two healings were neurotics, but what about the large numbers who, hearing what these had experienced, came flocking to Him wherever He was to be found? Were all these neurotics, the rest by some instinct keeping away? Or was Jesus endowed, as has been suggested, with a remarkable power of diagnosing and selecting from among the rest the few that He could cure by practising on their emotions, and if so, was He justified in letting them all think that because He cured these few He could cure them all; or did they fail, most unaccountably, to discover how limited was the range of His power and how slight the foundation it furnished for the intense and enduring enthusiasm into which they had worked themselves? Or must we assume that all the sick people in Galilee—fever-stricken, epileptics, palsied, deaf and dumb, blind, leprous—were victims of nervous diseases; in other words, that the whole of this region was, as a French writer neatly suggests, one vast Salpêtrière?

But to come to a few details for a medical judgment on which, to compare with Mr. Thompson's, we may borrow from Dr. Reginald Ryle's masterly article in the *Hibbert Journal* for April, 1907. Mr. Thompson seems to think that the range of emotional cures is very extensive. Dr. Ryle tells us that "only a small portion of the diseases to which human flesh is heir are nervous diseases" and "of nervous diseases . . . only a very small and unimportant group admit of cure [by emotional methods]." Mr. Thompson takes first in order, in his chapter on St. Mark the cures of defects of sight, hearing and speech. The cure of the deaf man with an impediment in his speech he sets aside as probably a failure, and Dr. Ryle does not happen to refer to it. The cures of the blind man at Bethsaida (Mark viii. 22) and blind Bartimæus of Jericho

(*ibid.* x. 46) he sets down as faith-cures, the first at least partially, the second wholly such. Dr. Ryle, after allowing that there is a disease of the eye which goes by the name of "hysterical amblyopia" notes that "it is generally found in young people, and these almost always of the female sex," whereas the blind patients cured at Bethsaida and Jericho were of the male sex and not young. Accordingly we cannot reasonably suppose that the patient of Bethsaida or blind Bartimæus were sufferers from hysterical amblyopia. Next Mr. Thompson comes to Paralysis. "Hysterical Paralysis, or functional paraplegia," he assures us, "is particularly amenable to faith-healing. The case that Jesus healed (Mark ii. 3) was probably of this kind, though an exceptional one. . . . When the appeal is made that he should exert himself, and do what he believes to be impossible, he rises, takes up his bed, and walks out in the sight of all." "The case of the withered hand (iii. 1) was probably of a similar kind. . . . Stretch forth thy hand, said Jesus. He stretched it forth, and his hand was in the very act restored. The method is just that which a modern faith-healer would use."

Functional paraplegia [says Dr. Ryle] is comparatively rare, genuine paralysis from structural disease or injury is a common disorder. . . . Hysterical paralysis is almost always met with in women and girls. . . . In a case of true paralysis resulting either from tubercular disease of the spine or from serious injury, or from inflammatory or atrophic changes in the cord, we have to deal with a pathology which entirely removes these cases from those which faith-healers cure. . . . In the story of the paralytic [cf. Mark ii. 3]. . . . there is complete absence of any indication that the case was one of merely functional or hysterical paralysis. . . . The sex of the sufferer and the greater frequency of paralysis from organic disease both favour the guess that the patient was suffering from true paralysis, not its neurotic counterfeit. In the story of the man with the withered hand . . . we may assume with considerable confidence that the case was one of infantile paralysis. This is the affection to which at the present day nearly all the instances of "withered hand" or "withered leg" are owing. . . . If such was the pathology of the case described in Mark iii. 1, it is needless to say that, although it belongs to the group of the nervous diseases, it does not belong to the class of nervous disease which admits of treatment by moral impression or nervous shock.

According to Mr. Thompson the cure of Simon's wife's mother was a clear case of faith-healing. Jesus, St. Mark says, "raised her up," which probably means that He "appealed to His patient to do something for herself; she had faith, did it, and was healed." "Neither the age of the patient nor the ailment," says Dr. Ryle, "suggests that her illness was only on the nerves. Febrile diseases are common in all countries since infection and septic absorption are common in all countries, and these are not conditions which have shown themselves to be suitable to the treatment by what are called psychical methods."

"Faith-cures are common enough in the case of skin diseases, but they are generally gradual," says Mr. Thompson. The case of leprosy in Mark i. 41 "only approaches the miraculous if it was sudden," which it was according to St. Mark. "The Greek word *λέπρα*," says Dr. Ryle, "seems to have referred to the scaly surface often noticed, and it is at any rate probable that many cases of persistent eczema, and some of psoriasis, lupus, and syphilis were included under the name. Now there is not one of these diseases which admits of instantaneous cure by means of a strong mental impression."

"The cure of the woman with an issue of blood (v. 25) is a thorough case of faith-healing," says Mr. Thompson. "It is uncertain," says Dr. Ryle, "whether . . . she was a sufferer from hæmorrhoids, or . . . was the subject of one of the diseases peculiar to women. In neither case, however, can we suppose that the ailment was one of a kind peculiarly amenable to psychical treatment."

On Possession, Mr. Thompson does not express himself very clearly. Naturally from his standpoint he rejects all idea of demoniacal intervention. Still the diseases which the Evangelists associate with possession are real and by exorcism they were cured. How is this to be naturalistically explained? Mr. Thompson again has recourse to faith-healing. "The patients," he says, "as a whole belong to the class which has always cured itself by faith," which hardly accords with experience. "Personal and emotional influences," says Dr. Ryle, "are important factors in the treatment of these unfortunate beings, especially when these influences are brought to bear in a systematic manner, and over a prolonged period in institutions wholly given up to the work, but these are not the subjects among whom to look for examples of faith-healing . . . and they lend themselves least of all to the modern

remedial measures of hypnotism and suggestion."

It would appear manifest then that, if we can take the present text of St. Mark, and still more manifest if to the present text of St. Mark we may add that of the other three Evangelists, it is impossible to run off on a naturalistic interpretation of the Cures any more than of the Nature-Wonders. And the same must be said of the Visions. The three Visions Mr. Thompson notes as belonging to the Public Life, are those which he finds in the stories of the Baptism, the Temptation, and the Transfiguration. But as long as we stand by our present text of St. Mark and his fellow-Evangelists, we must recognize that the Voice from Heaven, the approach of the devil, followed by that of the ministering angels, and so likewise of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration, were all heard and seen not in inward vision, but through the outer senses. If then Mr. Thompson will persist in his endeavour to extract the miraculous from the Gospels he must proceed by a different method, and seek to dissolve their affirmations into elements less definite and less clear. And he realizes this. How does he do it?

Beginning with the Gospel of St. Mark, and keeping in view the store of miraculous incidents it contains (not indeed adequately, for, as we have seen, he is not justified in restricting its contents to the Nature-Wonders)—he notes that nearly all of them belonged to the earlier period of our Lord's Galilean ministry and none to the later period when His ministry had been transferred to Jerusalem. Had he taken St. John's Gospel into account he could not have drawn this distinction, but, as we shall see, he claims to leave St. John's Gospel out of account. Further, as he gathers from Mark xiv. 52, that the young man so scantily clad was St. Mark himself, he sees his way to hold that this Evangelist does not report any Wonders of the time when he himself, being a dweller in Jerusalem, was an eye-witness, but only of the time for which he was dependent on the reports of others; which reports, though he cannot at best stretch out the date of this Gospel beyond the year 70, Mr. Thompson thinks himself entitled to describe as "the stories of the apostolic circle, as transmitted through the traditions of the Christian community at Jerusalem." It does not occur to him, that St. Mark was one who, at least from the time of the Resurrection, and very likely earlier, had excellent and manifold opportunities of collecting trustworthy reports on the Gali-

lean ministry from St. Peter and other first-hand witnesses.

Most of the miracles recorded by St. Mark are found also in St. Matthew and St. Luke, usually with some variations in the way of fuller details or of less details. If, as the more conservative critics have held on excellent grounds, these variations connote the substantial agreements of independent witnesses whose facts have been carefully collected, these extensive and yet independent agreements afford strong confirmation of the authenticity of the narratives.

But within the last few years what is called the Marcan hypothesis has come to be that most in favour with non-Catholic critics; that is, the hypothesis that St. Mark is the source from which the other two Synoptics have drawn whatever matter is, in its substance, found in all three. And, on the basis of this hypothesis, theorists of the school to which Mr. Thompson belongs, have seen their way to discredit almost entirely the reports of the Synoptic Gospels. If the other two rest on St. Mark, it is urged, the details as to which they vary from St. Mark must be set down as differences of interpretation of what they found in him, and it is suggested that these differences of interpretation are controlled by motives which effectually destroy our trust in their statements of fact, destroy, too (but this is slurred over), any belief in the candour and truthfulness of SS. Matthew and Luke, which one might otherwise be disposed to gather from the general tone and character of their Gospels, and from the estimation in which they were held by their contemporaries. If, for instance, it be true that St. Matthew left out the miracle given by St. Mark (viii. 22—26), because he found it "intolerable" that our Lord should have had to attempt a cure in private, use spittle as an appropriate means, and need to impose hands more than once before He could accomplish it; if, where St. Mark says that Jesus healed "many" (i. 34), thereby implying that He did not heal all who came to Him, St. Matthew changed the "many" into "all," with the object of suggesting that, contrary to what he knew to be the case, Jesus had left none unhealed; if these two specimen cases represent a large number of similar changes similarly motivated; and, if a similar charge of tampering with his sermons, as Mr. Thompson tries to show, can be made good against St. Luke, we cannot continue to think highly of the veracity of St. Matthew and St. Luke; or of St. Mark either, if it be a just presumption that he had already tampered with

his own (unknown) sources, as they tampered with his text.

Yet this is what Mr. Thompson maintains: "In Matthew and Luke," he says, "Gospels based upon Mark, most of these stories reappeared, but in a more miraculous guise. On examination we found that the editors of both these Gospels were in the habit of heightening the miraculous elements in the old tradition, and of omitting or modifying features that clashed with it. This at once weakened their own evidence, and suggested that a similar process had been at work in the case of Mark. In the new miracles that they added, Matthew and Luke went even further in the same direction."

St. John, as may be supposed, is set down as hopelessly untrustworthy, in view of his reprehensible habit of "selecting a few highly miraculous stories and putting them forward as deliberate proofs of the divinity of Christ, at the same time removing from his Gospels almost all traces of the humanity [that is, of the humanity as Mr. Thompson conceives it] which is the real ground of the claims of divinity." A similar method is applied to dissolve the witness of St. Paul and of the Acts.

St. Paul believed himself indeed "to possess special powers of the Holy Spirit," but "the language in which he himself describes these powers (Rom. xv. 18—19; 2 Cor. xii. 12) does not cover anything more than faith-healing and exorcism, which [according to Mr. Thompson as against Dr. Ryle] are instances of natural law, not miracles." And St. Luke, in the Acts, is "dramatic rather than historical." With him "everything turns on the supernatural agency of the Holy Spirit, which suggests, directs, and controls each step in the development of the story," for "St. Luke does not invent miracles, but sometimes he turns a doubtful into a certain claim. Sometimes he gives fresh emphasis to a miraculous story, and always, so far as we can tell, he welcomes accounts of miraculous events, and gives them a prominent place in his narrative." Being of this mind "he takes no special precautions to test his sources or to verify his sources." Hence, according to Mr. Thompson, we can more or less rely upon him when he is reporting his own personal experiences or those of his constant fellow-travellers with St. Paul, but not when he is repeating "village or church-traditions of uncertain origin," which he had picked up in the course of his journeyings. On the other hand Mr. Thompson is struck by the abundance of what is for him intractable matter, in the portions of the narrative which Luke may be supposed to have

got from others, as compared with the scarcity of it in the portion for which he can give his own personal testimony—which latter however includes the restoration to life of the dead Eutychus (xx. 9), for it is inadmissible to suggest that the text as it stands does not regard him as having died; the healing of Publius and others (xxviii. 8, 9); and the invulnerability of Paul himself when bitten (καθ' ἡψε, *ibid.* 3) by the viper at Melita.

We cannot include in this article the question of the verity of the Virgin-birth and of the Resurrection of our Lord. But the comparison, so far as we have pursued it, between the plain man's reading of the Gospel story and that of Mr. M. Thompson may enable us to judge which of the two methods is natural and which violent, and in consequence which justifies, which condemns the presuppositions from which it started, and by which it is controlled. Let it be repeated that, as long as the plain man's reading of the text finds it to affirm only such words spoken or deeds done by our Lord as confessedly involve nothing above the order of nature, Mr. Thompson has no complaint against his method, being so far quite prepared to trust the Evangelists. Let it be repeated, too, that he is prepared to include in the category of these trustworthy contents those cures wrought by our Lord which he thinks he can refer to faith-healing. It is only for the parts where the Evangelists affirm nature-wonders which he does not see his way to treat as of the natural order, that he finds himself constrained to propound and apply a system the essence of which is that it rejects the witness of the Evangelists on the ground of a persuasion that three of them have manifestly, and one of them conjecturally, tampered with their sources. When he has realized, as sooner or later he will have to realize, that the healings and exorcisms cannot, at least as a whole, be ascribed to emotional shocks, doubtless he will choose a way out of his dilemma by disputing as regards these also the good faith of the Evangelists. He will say that this is his only alternative, because "to admit a true miracle is to commit intellectual suicide." But, if it is the presuppositions which necessitate strained interpretations that are condemnable, would not the sounder course be for him to take the other alternative, and go on to realize that it is the out-and-out *a priori* denial of miracle which constitutes the real intellectual suicide?

S. F. S.

Some Social Effects of Picture-Shows.

CONSIDERABLE stir has been caused in our sleepy little Hertfordshire market-town by the opening, some six months ago, of a picture palace.

Some of us thought that the proprietors were possessed of more valour than discretion, and predicted that after the first few weeks, when the novelty had worn off, the palace would never be more than half full. Before three months were out, we said, the managers would "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."

We were wrong, however. Out of a population of under nine thousand, one thousand—belonging for the most part to the younger and poorer sections of our little community—fill the palace night after night.

Our young people are, in short, "Picture-palace mad!"

In view of this phenomenon, I was seized the other day with the desire to try and discover the social and economic influence of this new craze. I inquired first of my baker, who told me an amusing story.

"A woman came into the shop last week and asked me for a loaf on tick. Well, like a fool, I gave it to her, and what did she do? She didn't want that loaf, not she! She sold it to her neighbour for tuppence, and spent the money at the palace that night. That's what she wanted it for. She knew she couldn't borrow tuppence, so she borrowed a loaf. The picture-palace? It's the ruin of the place, that's what it is!"

That sounded bad. I wondered what the other tradespeople had to say on the subject, so I went to my butcher and asked him if the picture-palace made any difference to him.

"Why, I should think so, miss. Folk—I mean the working-folk, you understand—don't buy the meat they used to, come Saturday night. Not by no means, they don't. I see 'em go by to the palace, and I sez to myself, if you spend it

to-night, you take it off your Sunday dinner to-morrow! And that's the truth, miss. We don't do half the trade we used to on Saturday evenings. We're not the only ones that feel it, either. There's Mrs. Brown opposite [she keeps a small sweet-shop] tells me where she used to take three and four shillings a night, she now gets about ninepence or tenpence. It's cruel, miss, and that's the truth!"

Wondering what else the British workman would go without to pay for his evening's amusement, I met Father M., our parish priest, and stopped to discuss the ethical side of the question.

"Well, of course, I have never been inside the place, so I cannot tell you what I think of it, but you can see for yourself the influence it has on our Catholic poor. They don't turn up to Wednesday Benediction as they used, if you notice. The choir, too, has gone off. The girls go to see the pictures instead of coming to choir-practice. It's the same thing, too, with the Guild of St. Aloysius. However, there is one good thing, it keeps some of the lads out of the public-house. I'm told the publicans are going to present a petition to have the palace closed. At the Working-man's Club, too, I hear they take five shillings an evening less than they used to do. The Superintendent of Police told me, too, that where they had twenty cases of drunkenness before the magistrates, they have four or five now."

Here the school-mistress came up and joined in the conversation.

"Picture-palace? I wish the thing were at the bottom of the sea! The Inspector's report was not nearly so good last time, and I put it down entirely to the picture-palace. The attendance is nothing to what it was, too, and when I ask why a child is away, half-a-dozen put up their hands and say, 'Please, teacher, he was at the palace last night!' The mothers and fathers are just as bad. I have my dinner at the school, and I see what the children bring—I mean the ones who don't go home to dinner. They don't bring half what they used to, poor little wretches. I asked one child why she had not anything to eat but bread and dripping, whereas she used to bring a couple of hard-boiled eggs, or a rice pudding and a piece of cheese, and she replied quite contentedly, that mother had no money to go to shop, because she had gone to the palace last night and was going again to-night!"

Wondering what were the attractions which could induce my neighbours to give up their Sunday dinners, and their drinks, to neglect their duties and their choir-practices, and guilds, I found my way to the palace one evening.

A very gaudily-decorated palace it was, inside and out. A young woman with piles of golden hair, a fascinating smile (which came into action each time the smallest child asked for a threepenny ticket half-price), and long, green earrings hanging down a bare, white neck—all unusual attractions, these, in our little town—handed me my ticket, and a magnificent porter motioned me to a spot where another radiant young woman found me a seat. Someone was playing "catchy" tunes on the piano, and a boy in buttons was squirting scent on the audience. Two small girls in white frocks were wandering round calling "Choklerts!" My programme informed me that all these people, except the goddess in the ticket-office, were natives of our town, though I had not recognized one of them.

The hall, which was packed (except in the shilling seats, where I sat in solitary grandeur), was divided into about 600 threepenny seats, 350 sixpenny, and about fifty shilling. The threepenny seats were full of children, who, on what I have always considered the most insane principle in the world, went half-price. Why, can anyone tell me, should children be taken in at lodgings half-price? They eat more than grown-ups, do more damage, and give far more trouble. In the same way, they take up as much room as other people at places of amusement, and if going to picture-palaces makes them miss school the next morning, I think they ought to be charged double. The excuse for letting them in half-price cannot be that their parents won't come without them; they were all there without their parents.

I was surprised to see sitting in the sixpenny seats a woman from whom I had that morning received the following letter:

Dear Madame

Hoping you will be able to send me a skirt which my father is dying in the infirmary and me with eleven children and me having nothing to wear. And my eldest being out of her situation.

The "eldest" referred to was sitting, very smartly dressed, next to her mother. Both seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely, in spite of their anxiety for the invalid

at the infirmary, and nothing marred their pleasure except the protests of an exceedingly sleepy baby of eighteen months, whom the woman had in her arms, and who considered (rightly) that it was time, and a great shame, he was not in bed. Both the woman and the "eldest," catching my eye, saluted me without the slightest trace of embarrassment. The woman was wearing, not the skirt I had sent, but a far more ornamental one. I wondered if my skirt had gone "up the spout" to pay for the tickets!

I sat through the whole entertainment, which lasted from six to ten, and discovered that it presented neither the worst nor the best features of similar shows. There was nothing morally objectionable, neither was there anything of any educational value.¹

No, our managers know what the *peuple souverain* wants and see that it gets it! Accordingly, with three exceptions, the pictures were of a so-called comic character. There were men who mistook each others hats for their own, with tremendously exciting consequences; cooks who entertained amorous policemen in the kitchen in their mistress' absence, with equally exhilarating results; youths who courted the same damsel, and struggled with each other on her doorstep (one suitor was French, and was, of course, gloriously routed); elderly gentlemen who misdirected love-letters to their laundresses, through the absent-mindedness which usually accompanies the love-sick condition, and so forth. In every piece the most *cunning* personage gained the victory and the applause.

Of the three exceptions, two were of a sentimental charac-

¹ Some of the so-called educational films are singularly ill-chosen, as the following letter to the *Daily Express*, June 11, points out:—

To the Editor of the *Express*,

Sir,—Last Friday I saw a film exhibited at a picture palace in London depicting the various uses of oxygen.

One experiment was that of placing a mouse in a jar, and slowly extracting the oxygen.

The gradual collapse of the poor mouse was heartrending to behold—the hair standing on end, the claws extended, the eyes almost bursting, the mouth gaping, and the last efforts to find air round the bottom edge of the jar, with the final collapse, was a sight to make the angels weep at man's inhumanity.

Surely such an experiment is not necessary, even from a scientific point of view, to show the wonders of oxygen, and if so, ought not to be exhibited to the public.

Cannot the exhibition of such films be stopped? Youth is so eager to experiment, and such a picture might do untold harm.

Flaxman-terrace, W.C.

VAGABOND,

ter. The hero of the first was Buckskin Jack, who, after performing impossible feats of horsemanship with careless ease, in Western America, suddenly becomes an Earl, and goes to England to look after his two wards, the Ladies Eleanor and Jane (no other name, apparently). After Buckskin Jack has been sneered at in public by these well-bred young women, and after having discovered, by the honourable means of reading other people's letters, that Lady Jane's lover is a scoundrel; he is married by Lady Eleanor, who is willing to overlook his social solecisms on account of the nobility of his soul!

The second sentimental contribution was the story of a widow and a widower who both wish to adopt the same orphan. To solve the problem, the child, an uncomfortably knowing young person, joins their hands, and points out the way to the Registrar. The last picture showed a three-cornered embrace between the bride and bridegroom, and the small match-maker. The piece was tremendously popular, and my friend and the "eldest" wiped their eyes a great deal—why, I cannot conceive!

The third exception was the redeeming feature of the evening. The subject was the Crimea, the chief incident being the Charge of the Light Brigade, and the winning of the Victoria Cross by a young officer. Florence Nightingale and her nurses were shown at work among the wounded, and finally there was a splendid scene in which the Queen pins the V.C. on the hero's breast. The film was excellent, and once or twice I felt a certain moisture on my eyelashes. The rest of the audience, however, was made of sterner stuff. There was no applause, apparently no interest, for the hero, either when he was performing the gallant deeds, or being rewarded for his valour. Queen Victoria was received without enthusiasm, and a portrait of Florence Nightingale met with complete silence.

The audience was not wholly heartless, however; they reserved a magnificent reception for a young parlour-maid, who "paid out" her mistress for scolding her before guests at a dinner-party. At ten o'clock we had seen all the pictures, and prepared to go home. No wonder the children were too tired to get up to school the next morning! No wonder, either, that, like the boy who committed suicide a week or two back in London, after a surfeit of such luxuries, they were over-excited and upset by the pictures to such a degree

that the sordid details of real life, with its privations and discomforts, would seem unbearable.

Here are these poor children, smiled on by lovely ticket-ladies, respectfully attended to by magnificent porter-gentlemen, and pretty programme-sellers. During the evening their senses are flattered by the lights and the "music," and degraded by cheap, suggestive scent. For three halfpence they can command all this every night of their lives. Instead of being hustled out of the way and "put in their places," they are flattered and amused, courted, and specially catered for. And then, when it is all over, they go home to their squalid homes, eat their crust of bread-and-dripping, and retire to rest in a stuffy room, twelve feet square, and sleep four in a bed. It is small wonder that they either get fretful and discontented, or else feel inclined to do some desperate and heroic thing like the servant who "paid out" her mistress, and so get the better of their surroundings.

No one, in these democratic days, would dare to suggest that overcrowding in foul rooms, in miserable houses, is good enough for our poor. Most of us are doing our share to improve their material conditions. I only wish to point out that while these unfortunate conditions prevail, it is a very great pity that picture palaces should help to make our young people dissatisfied with their lot.

The mother of a large family expressed it rather well, when, discussing our palace with me the other day, she said:

"It makes the boys and gals too big for their boots, and that's the truth!"

Before going home that night I was bold enough to rush in where angels would have feared to tread, and asked to see the Manager.

"Couldn't you," I said, "have a few more pictures like that *Crimea* set?"

"Couldn't you," I continued, warming to my subject, deceived by his smile and his civility, "have something about Boy Scouts. That would be so good for the children. Then historical subjects, and news of the week, and patriotic pictures, or something instructive, like some pictures I saw once (from the ostrich egg to the feather boa). Couldn't you——"

The man interrupted me, still smiling.

"I am sorry, Madam, I haven't the time to enter into the subject," he said, with killing politeness. "I might just tell you, though, that we know our business. The picture-

palace, if you will excuse me saying so, was not built for ladies like you, though I am sure we are very glad to see you here. No, Madam, this picture-palace caters for the People; it was built for the People, and it is supported by the People. We know what they like, and we see that they get it."

"But couldn't you try to educate them——?" I began.

"Excuse me, Madam, you have mistaken our object. This is not a Sunday school show, it is a paying concern."

So saying, he bade me good-night in such a firm tone, that I had no courage to continue the struggle. Besides, it would have been worse than useless.

In the meantime, can nothing be done?

EDITH COWELL.

German Catholic Literature.

A SURVEY.

A PROBLEM which has by no means aroused the same widespread interest in this country as it has done, and as it still does in Germany, is that of the aims with which Catholics should take part in the literary life of the nation. Few, if any, of the greater Catholic writers in this country have written simply for their co-religionists; they have rather endeavoured to produce works of art, impregnated with the spirit of their faith, which would compel the attention of the nation as a whole. Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, Newman's *Dream of Gerontius*, are excellent examples of artistic creations, which, although strongly Catholic in tone, have gained national admiration. Undoubtedly, there are authors who write merely for Catholic youth, newspapers and magazines published principally for Catholics, but their aim is rather the protection of the youth from the dangerous influences of modern fiction, the correction of false ideas that might be obtained from hostile sources, the clear presentation of the duties of the reader in various matters, political and social, or the broader intellectual development of the educated classes, than the formation of a literature apart. In Germany, however, social conditions (and "social" is employed here in a very wide sense), have prevailed which resulted in an attempt to create a purely Catholic literature, entirely distinct from the national literature, as represented by Goethe, Schiller and the other German classics. To outline the principal causes and indicate the development of this Catholic literature is the aim of the following pages.

It may seem strange that, in order to reach the primary cause of this cleft in the literary life of Germany, we must return to the Middle Ages, when religious unity reigned throughout the land; to the period at which great princes and important towns flourished most in the South of Germany and in the neighbourhood of the Danube, with the natural

result that art, in its various forms, developed there most rapidly. The "Minnesänger," the poets of this age, are the soft sentimental voices of the Southern Courts, singing love and chivalry. On account, however, of a more marked antagonism to Italy, on account also of the rapid growth of sea-commerce, the importance of these towns, despite all efforts, decreased slowly, and slowly the centre of cultured life moved towards the younger but more opulent cities of the North. The political changes of the Reformation completed this tendency, at least as far as literature was concerned, less on religious than on linguistic grounds. Luther's translation of the Bible set a standard of German prose, which the Protestant North hastened to accept, copy and spread, and which the Catholic Southern courts, both for political and religious reasons, refused to recognize and opposed most fiercely. As a consequence, North and Middle Germany, on account of their linguistic unity, became the principal field of literary production.

These changes, of course, were not effected immediately. It was a slow process, but finally the language of Luther, developed steadily by the unremitting toil of the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, amongst whom many brilliant South Germans are to be numbered, became the dominant one. The unification of the language did not destroy, however, the antagonism between the two sections of the nation—it exists even to-day in a somewhat milder form—but rather turned its course into political and religious channels. The religious differences became more and more fixed and prominent, but did not at first affect either the writers or the literary public. Both Goethe and Schiller understood, appreciated, and made use of the beauties of the Catholic Church, and Catholic writers, such as Eichendorff, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff and others, received their full meed of recognition and praise from the non-Catholic public. Only in the early decades of last century did the political and religious strife break into the realms of literature.

The wave of enthusiasm for the doctrines of the French Revolution, strengthened by the patriotic reaction, of which Fichte in his *Rede an die Deutsche Nation* was the prophet, was the immediate cause of the bitter attacks on the Catholic Church and ultramontane politics by the group of poets known as the *Jungendutschen*. Poems and novels, as well as pamphlets and articles were employed in the onslaught, and

the Catholics were not backward in making use of the same weapons to defend their cause. The poems of Leberecht Dreves, the religious novels of the convert, Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, overlaid though the latter are with religious and political reflections, of G. T. Götz and M. U. von Boehm are the most important literary contributions in defence of the Catholic Church. The bitterness between the two parties, fanned by their mutual efforts, steadily increased, until the action of the Government, in the so-called *Kulturkampf*, which resulted in the fettering of Catholic ecclesiastical liberty, completed the gulf between them. The Catholics felt themselves refused a part in the common life of the nation, and although in the political world they struggled on manfully and formed the now extremely important *Centrum* party, they abandoned the attempt to force for themselves an honourable position in the literary and artistic life of the nation, and formed themselves into a special camp. Thereupon followed a time of bitter enmity, during which the Catholics decried all non-Catholic literature almost as vehemently as the non-Catholics adversely criticized Catholic literature; a time when even mediocre Catholic writers were sure, amongst their co-religionists, of a sympathetic public, simply because they were Catholic, and when all works by Catholic authors, no matter how excellent in themselves, were belittled by their non-Catholic adversaries, with the inevitable result that the standard of purely Catholic literature, that is, the literature written by Catholics for Catholics, became steadily lower. This state of affairs was accepted without question, until in 1898, the *Veremundus* pamphlets appeared. Written by Karl Muth, a Catholic journalist of no outstanding merit, the first and most famous of these had for title: *Steht die Katholische Belletristik auf der Höhe der Zeit? Eine literarische Gewissensfrage, von Veremundus*. ("Has Catholic Literature kept abreast of the times? An appeal to the literary conscience by *Veremundus*.") It caused a great sensation, and immediately created a division in the Catholic ranks. While some Catholics, such as Father Expeditus Schmidt, O.F.M., the editor of a Catholic literary magazine, *Über den Wassern*, took up the cudgels on his behalf, and advocated a more sympathetic attitude towards non-Catholic literature, others, amongst them Fathers Baumgartner and Kreiten, S.J., and Richard von Kralik, made a most spirited defence of the Catholic literature, and ex-

horted Catholics to make no concessions whatsoever to false or doubtful principles for the sake of form and to strive to produce truly artistic work in accordance with their most cherished beliefs. This controversy gave a great impulse to Catholic literature, and, although some of the more "advanced" thinkers, amongst others, Karl Muth, developed strong Modernist tendencies, it finally united all serious-minded Catholics in an endeavour, not to produce a purely Catholic literature, but to increase the glory of German literature by works of art, in the strictest sense, impregnated with the noblest and best qualities of their faith. How great a measure of success has attended their efforts may be recognized by the national success which writers such as Friedrich W. Weber and Enreka von Handel-Mazzetti have attained. Their works, although not so directly Catholic as Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or Newman's *Callista*, are surrounded by such a Catholic atmosphere, that they might ever serve as illustrations to Eichendorff's statement that "that is exactly the poetical mystery of true religious feeling, that it penetrates, like the breath of spring, field, wood and the human heart, so that they all rise upwards from the hard earth, glowing and singing."

Such in brief are the general features of the development of Catholic literature in modern times. A more detailed examination of the nature and extent of the services Catholics have rendered to German literature will not be unprofitable.

The Romantic School of poetry, although at the opening of its career, violently opposed to Christianity, and in particular to Catholicism, was led, by its efforts, to attain to real poetry first to what Lindemann calls an "aesthetic Christianity," and then to positive religious conviction. Its founder, strongly influenced by Goethe and the Idealism of Fichte, conceived "Romantic" poetry as "universal" poetry, and held that poetry, by crystallizing in a beautiful form the life of an exceptionally gifted individual should act as a mirror of human life in general; should reflect the feelings and ideas, the struggles and the aspirations of the soul of mankind. From this it followed, as Schlegel himself taught, that "the will of the poet should be subject to no law," that his philosophy of life should be the standard by which he should act and write, and he advocated the cultivation of an "aesthetic morality." As a result, partly of

this doctrine, partly of his life and that of several leaders of the school, Schleiermacher, his brother William, Werner and others, he developed the position that religion was an extremely dangerous means of morality and demanded the right of fullest development: "The more free, the more religious, the more educated (a man is), the less religion (does he practise)." The excesses to which these doctrines soon conducted, both in literature and in daily life, slowly estranged the greater minds from this school, and the reaction that followed, combined with the influence of Novalis, a tender, imaginative lover of Nature, and Schelling's philosophy of Nature, brought about a new conception of the Romantic doctrine, in which great emphasis was laid on the imagination and pure sentiment, on the development of emotion. According to this conception, that is Romantic which "presents to us a sentimental material (in the better sense) in an imaginative form." This was the second phase of the Romantic movement. Then came the birth of patriotism, and literature, which had held aloof from all modern problems, especially from all that might be termed politics, could no longer withstand the spirit of the age, abandoned its æsthetic dreaming, and was led naturally to a study of Old German writings, and hence to a consideration of the Middle Ages. The history of Germany in the Middle Ages, combined with the keen interest which the writers of this period took in the poetry of Dante, Calderon and Shakespeare, aroused thoughts about the Catholic Church, and it became clearer that the Reformation had not been an un-mixed good, that it had been much more a source of dissension and strife. Comparison of the effects of the Reformation with the spirit of the Middle Ages, when all human interests and struggles were centred in the Church, when Art went hand-in-hand with Religion, and produced, in many cases, its finest creations in the service of the latter, resulted in an æsthetic pleasure in the Catholic Church, in a "Romantic Christianity" as Uhland called it. The prevailing philosophical scepticism prevented the full acceptance of the Church's doctrines, except in comparatively few cases, but still, this compromise with Christianity did much to raise considerably the standard of the literature of the period, and many Catholics played no unimportant part in the movement.

Of all the Catholic writers who belong to this school, Eichendorff, "the last knight of the Romantic School," is

perhaps the most characteristic. Unlike Friedrich Schlegel, or Klemens Brentano, who had undergone all the various phases of Romanticism, Joseph von Eichendorff belongs to that last and most healthy phase, in which the Romantic poets, on account of their interest in the literature of the Middle Ages, had begun to develop a national and popular poetry. J. L. Uhland, a keen student of the earlier literatures of England, France and Spain, as well as Germany, author of several monographs on old German poetry, and composer of many well-known dramatic ballads, was the leader of this new development, which possessed a special charm in the deep love and sensitive appreciation of Nature that characterized it. While, however, the majority of these poets, in close touch with the spirit of the Catholic Church by the purity of their lives and poetry, lost themselves in a vague mysticism or natural symbolism, Joseph von Eichendorff combined the best qualities of the school with a noble conception and ardent love of the Mother Church. Despite a certain weakness of form, common to most Romantic writers, his poems, which are usually short, are masterpieces of lyrical poetry and he well deserves the important place he occupies in the literature of Germany as a whole, and as the foremost Catholic lyric poet.

The story which Father Ex. Schmidt relates, in his volume entitled *Anregungen*, of his first acquaintance with Eichendorff's poetry, will indicate how deep into the heart of the people his music has penetrated. When quite a boy, he once went down to the kitchen, and found the cook, with an old walking-stick in her hand, sitting on a broken-backed chair. Another servant stood with a crumpled newspaper in front of the whitewashed wall, while the figures of the remaining servants could be perceived dimly in the background. Silence was called for, the lamp was nearly extinguished, and then two or three voices began: "In valley cool there goes a mill," one of Eichendorff's most popular ballads. The walking-stick, rattled on the back of the chair, represented the noise of the mill-wheel; the newspaper, rubbed against the wall, produced the rippling and rustling of the stream, and, as Schmidt says: "The whole simple company dreamt itself out of the dusky kitchen into the cool valley, and sorrowed with the singer over the broken ring and the faithlessness of the departed loved one." Farther on, he says, with perfect truth, that Eichendorff's songs

are of that kind which not only sing themselves into the hearts of the people, but also arouse creative work in the souls of the hearers. This conquest of the heart of the people he owes to his refreshing calm, his tenderness, his joyful humour, and above all, to his love of Nature; to the simple art with which he sings of the quiet fields, the rustling, odorous woods, the religious silence of morning and of evening, of the prattling brooks and majestic sea. Yet, with all his deep love of Nature he did not fall into the vague and misty, rather than mystic, Pantheism, which characterized many of the Romantic writers, even of this country. Eichendorff always remained true to his faith, and some of his most beautiful poems are born of his twofold love—his love of Nature and his love of God and God's Church. A third source of inspiration for his muse is the active part he took in the life of the nation. As lawyer and as soldier, he served his country manfully, and several of his poems are dedicated to his comrades in arms. In short, his poetry is the natural product of a sensitive poet nature, which, thanks to a full and many-sided development and a true Catholic spirit, was able to express in a highly artistic form the beautiful emotions and ideas which the wonders of this world and all they imply, aroused in it.

His literary activity, however, was not merely confined to poetry. Novels, fairy tales, short stories, the best of which is *From the Life of a Good-for-nothing*, in which he glorifies the *Dolce far niente* life, and, in particular, literary criticism, also occupied him. In the latter he is, perhaps, more specifically Catholic. His articles, which first appeared in the *Historico-Political Leaves*, a journal edited by John Joseph Görres, an intellectual giant of prodigious powers, who strove indefatigably for the realization of the highest ideas and ideals of Christianity and art, were collected together as a *History of German Poetical Literature*. In this work he attempts to supply the defects, and correct the harsh criticisms of all Catholic works in the Protestant histories of literature, and in it he emphasizes very strongly, some Catholics have even said a little too strongly, the Catholic standpoint. Be that as it may, his spirited defence of Catholic writers, in both prose and verse, acted as a great encouragement, and a host of keen, careful essayists and critics followed in his footsteps. In these pages he truly stands forth as a champion of the weak and oppressed, fighting for the

realization of the most exalted truths and the noblest traditions of the Catholic Church.

The attacks against which Eichendorff wrote as early as 1838, grew more bitter as time went on, and quite a large number of Catholic journals and newspapers appeared, to reply to the criticisms of their opponents, to guide Catholics in their choice and appreciation of literary works, and to supply the demand for a purely Catholic literature. Literary criticism was specially promoted by the *Literarische Handweiser*, established 1862, *Literarische Rundschau* (1875), the *Büchermarkt* (1881), and, speaking generally, we may say that the characteristic of all these journals was the great emphasis laid on the matter of the works criticized, in some cases to the neglect of the form. Catholic poetry was cultivated by an excellent magazine, entitled *Dichterstimmen*, (Poet Voices), and lighter literature was provided by five or six illustrated newspapers. The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* became the recognized Catholic daily. Two other magazines deserve special mention: *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*, a literary, scientific and religious review, edited by the Jesuits, and *Hochland*, for a long time the premier Catholic literary monthly, though now slightly tinged with Modernist and "advanced" ideas. Countless other newspapers and magazines exist throughout the whole country, but those mentioned are perhaps the most important, and will suffice to indicate the development of this branch of Catholic literature.

To this period of struggle against the attacks of non-Catholics belong the specifically Catholic novels of the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn, of M. U. von Boeher, Father Spillmann, S.J., Bishop K. von Bolanden and others. Their works are all characterized by the same features, the purity and Catholicity of their content and a certain lack of perfection of form, due mainly to their preoccupation with the matter. From one point of view they do not belong to German literature; they belong rather to the universal literature of the Catholic Church, and form, as it were, a section written in German. It must not be denied, however, that these works fulfilled a useful mission. They supplied the demand for a literature free from all taint of irreligion or immorality, lessened the influence of the realistic and naturalistic works upon the Catholic population, and helped to spread sound healthy ideas and principles, which served as an antidote to the literary and philosophical poison of the age.

Catholic poetry was also developed by writers such as O. von Redwitz, Father Gall Morel, Michelis and others, but did not produce any really standard works.

Two Catholics, however, rise above all others of this period. We cannot call their works Catholic—that is, in any strictly religious sense. They are Catholics as Eichendorff was Catholic; they wrote for Germany and produced German literature. The difference between their works and those of specifically Catholic writers is that the latter are Catholic literature written in German, the former German literature written by Catholics. The first of these, chronologically as well as in importance, is Germany's greatest poetess, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff. Her poetry reveals a delicate, sensitive nature, an elevation of thought, a power of vivid description, an originality of mind, combined with the softness and gentleness of a true woman of remarkable penetration, that place her far above all other German poetesses. Her descriptions of Nature, particularly the *Heidebilder* (Heath Scenes), which contain beautiful, *stimmungsvolle* pictures of her rather desolate country, Westphalia, have not been surpassed by any writer of the nineteenth century. Her book of ballads shows a sense of the demoniacal, of the gruesome, easily comprehensible in a child of bleak, mysterious moorland, and she is particularly fond of the fairy tales, and folk-songs of her home. In the *Spiritual Year*, a work which is specifically Catholic, and which consists of a series of religious poems, related to the Gospels of the Sundays and other holidays, is to be found an account of her religious struggles, doubts, fears, and also of her trust in God and final victory. Baumgartner, in his *History of the Literature of the World*, suggests very well the spirit which animated her life and work, when he says:

It is true, Annette was a child of her age, as are all men; she could not understand, for instance, the devotion which St. Theresa had for our Lord's foster-father, St. Joseph, and which has become to-day a general religious practice; her hymns to the Blessed Virgin lack the childlike simplicity and enthusiasm of the middle ages; her plaintive melodies at Whitsuntide do not correspond to the joyous, hopeful, swelling song of the Church's hymns; but, nevertheless, in her poems reigns the truly Catholic spirit of St. Theresa, deep, tender love of the Church, and faithful active participation in its life.

Well might she say: "My songs will live when I am long departed."

Dr. Friedrich W. Weber, the second of these Catholics, was also a native of Westphalia. Born in 1813, he studied first Arts and then Medicine at the University of Greifswald—travelled on foot through France, Germany, Sweden, Italy and Austria, and had thus full occasion to develop his keen powers of observation. He made his entry into the world of literature with excellent translations of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field*, and later published translations of Swedish songs. It was when a member of the *Centrum* party that he published the work that brought him literary fame, *Dreizehnlinden* ("Thirteen lime-trees"), a song, excellent in both matter and form, of the peaceful conquest of the heathen Saxons by Christianity, and the volume of poems which shortly followed, did but increase his triumph. Faults they possessed, but his productions are such as to rank him among the greatest poets of last century. A strong, pure character, fully convinced of the truth of Christianity and of the Catholic Church, he devoted his genius to the service of the best interests of his fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen.

Up to the present moment only purely German literature has come under consideration. It must never be forgotten, however, that the German language extends far over the boundaries of Germany. The language of Austria and part of Switzerland is also German, and these countries have added great names to Germany's glorious roll. Gottfried Keller and K. F. Meyer in Switzerland, Grillparzer, Stifter and recently Handel-Mazzetti in Austria, have contributed largely to the development of German literature. No sketch, therefore, however brief, of Catholic German literature would be complete without some mention of the writers of Catholic Austria.

The general characteristics of modern Austrian literature are similar to those of German literature. In fact, except in some rare cases, the productions of the Austrian poets have been mainly imitations of the German classics, Goethe and Schiller, and original work in the lighter forms of literature, parodies, farces, &c. The gay life in Austria, however, is naturally favourable to the development and expansion of song, and it is in lyrical compositions that Austrian poets have attained to a considerable degree of excellence.

She has not produced any truly great lyrical poets, even Lenau and Grillparzer, who are perhaps the most renowned, can scarcely be placed side by side with Goethe or his equals, but many have won a deservedly honoured place in the annals of German literature.

From the point of view of Catholic literature, however, we must note that the destructive, anti-religious tendencies of the first phase of the Romantic movement received a cordial welcome in Austria where the soil had been prepared by a gradual decay of a true religious spirit. Religious indifference alternated with actual hatred and enmity towards positive Christianity, and many of the poets of the beginning of last century attacked bitterly the Mother Church, those writers who drifted slowly from the Church being often the most venomous in their attacks upon her. This state of affairs lasted until almost the end of the century, when a strong Catholic reaction made itself felt in Austria and stimulated the true Catholics there to strenuous efforts to bring about a revival of Catholic literature. The support that many Catholics were giving to non-Catholic, and even anti-Catholic writers, increased the ardour of the leaders of this movement, amongst whom Richard von Kralik, an earnest Catholic of exceptional talent, must be mentioned, and finally a magazine, entitled the *Gral*, was established, whose aim was to gain consideration for the Catholic standpoint in literature.

Lack of space prevents a detailed account of the works of all the Austrian poets. Special mention must be made of Adalbert Stifter (1806—1868), whose short stories, or rather studies, reveal an extraordinary talent for glowing and faithful descriptions of Nature and of the human soul. A certain deficiency in the representation of action, a weakness in the construction of plots, and the delight in minute descriptions, detract from the effect of some of his studies, and prevented his longer novels from achieving any great and lasting success. Nowhere is he directly Catholic, yet the pure Catholic atmosphere which distinguishes all his work, entitles him to a prominent place amongst Catholic writers. Another Catholic Austrian writer, who has recently become famous throughout both Germany and Austria, is the Baroness Enreka von Handel-Mazzetti. Realist, in the best sense of that much abused term, possessed of great dramatic talent and a deep and penetrating knowledge of human psychology and character, her stories generally trace the inward de-

velopment of living, struggling and striving characters, under the influence, if not always of the Catholic Church, of positive Christianity. Vivid descriptions of Catholic religious services, sympathetic and beautiful representations of Catholic devotions and their beneficial influences, the artistic emphasis on the doctrine of voluntary penance and self-sacrifice, and on the never-failing love as well as the kind severity of the Catholic Church, ranks her works among the finest productions of their kind in the German tongue.

To conclude this very rapid survey without referring to the excellent work done by Catholics in other departments of literature, historical, philosophical and scientific, would be to do an injustice to many of the most devoted writers of Germany. Baumgartner's *History of the Literature of the World*, his penetrating, if rather harsh study of Goethe, and his innumerable essays and articles; Lindemann's *History of German Literature*, the Catholic work of that description; the historical works of Bishop Döllinger, Alzog and others; the results of the researches of scientists, such as Father Wassmann, S. J., the literary criticisms of Fathers Kreiten, Stockmann and their brother critics; the works of the Catholic social students and political economists; all hold a high place in the particular branch of literature to which they belong, gained by careful and minute study, patient research, and an objective and impartial statement of facts, which is often in strong contrast to the brilliant but hollow theories of many non-Catholic writers. The works of these men bring home just as convincingly to the sympathetic observer the wondrous strength of inspiration which a vital love of God and of His Church can develop as the artistic expression of the most beautiful scenes and images or the profoundest emotions. And this spirit which animates all true Catholics, which unites alike politician, philosopher, historian, and poet in an endeavour to serve God and their countrymen to the fullest extent of their powers, has produced in all ages deep thinkers and consummate artists; to it we owe the *Divine Comedy* as well as the *Summa Theologica*, Raphael's Madonnas, and the last word in Evolution. Modern German literature alone would suffice to show that this spirit has lost none of its living force to-day.

La Verna.

IN the *Fioretti* of San Francesco there lingers a delicate fragrance, hardly, we may perhaps think, to be recaptured now-a-days. Gone are those first times of the Order when the *poverelli* of God went about *con grande allegrezza*; seeing the world freshly, with tender insight learned from their master, and finding it very good; seeing the Other World too, through it, as through a veil, and reaching out to the unseen glories with insatiable desire.

But if something of the mingled simplicity and ecstasy of those early days can be retasted anywhere, it is at the Holy Mount, that place *molto divoto e molto atto alla contemplazione*, given to St. Francis by Messer Orlando da Chiusi of the Casentino. Even now, it lies remote, wrapped about in its pine woods, perched on its precipice, and known rather to the pilgrim than to the tourist.

Those who go there from the Casentino must get up early. The way lies through vineyards, dew-moistened and glittering in the delicately-tempered sunshine of the morning. Light mists lie on the valley, and Poppi lifts her Castle tower over their frail, drifting wreaths. Arno and Archiano go gleaming and rushing between their sand-banks and willows, filling the air with pleasant sound, and the once blood-stained field of Campaldino spreads its cornlands and vineyards peacefully under the immense blue arch of the sky. The road passes by Bibbiena, clustering on its hill-top, with its old arcaded houses, all peach and lemon and amber-coloured under their red-gold roofs, and the encircling hills are warm purple blue, shot through with rose colour, like the borage that clothes their meadows. Then the forests of Spanish chestnut, where the soil is rust-red, and the perfumed broom spreads in sheets of pure gold. Up and up, then down to cross another shining river, the Corsalone, and then up again. The mountain air grows keener. Great grey boulders rise from the sandy turf, and wild thyme makes the ground purple underfoot. Now comes a bare hill-top, and the borage

spreads its gorgeous blue carpet in breeze-stirred waves of richest colour. A lark goes up, soaring and singing.

At last a steep, paved causeway leads up to the convent, where it perches on the verge of a sheer precipice of grim, grey rock, that is strangely cleft and cracked. In those cracks nestle a wealth of flowers. Fragile pansies, nests of blue forget-me-nots, foam-like white rock-cress, rose-pink ragged-robin, the pale lilac of the orchis—they lay their pretty heads together in every crevice and cranny, sheltering from the mountain winds. They cluster especially round the chapel by the wayside, that commemorates the joy of St. Francis, when the birds met him here, "with singing and beating of wings," to welcome him and his to La Verna. Peering into its shadows there is dimly to be seen the figure of St. Francis, in his habit as he lived, with his *sirocchie e fratelli uccelli*, hovering about his uplifted head.

The convent gateway is a low, broad arch, generously framed as if to welcome in all comers, and over it is written: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my Holy Hill." Memorable words, not only recalling the special tenderness of the master here for "his brother the beast," but carrying the pilgrims' thoughts further still, to that vision of the Holy City, the ideal community, that hovers before the elect minds of every time and creed. Francis, in his day, was intent to set up one of its many mansions here.

Inside the arch is a large, paved courtyard, the well in the middle, the church on one side, the guest-rooms on the other, and here it is pleasant to sit awhile, in the clear, keen air and the sunshine, looking out from the height, over the sweeping lines of Apennine, and of Tuscan valley below.

Here, at La Verna, is a world that seems very far away from the life of great cities, and of modern times, very far even from Florence, with its art treasures, and Rome, with its buried worlds, though both lie not so many hours away among the mountain folds. But it is very near to certain other places, geographically further off, to Bethlehem with its manger cradle, to Calvary with its cross, and to the garden of the Resurrection. Nearest of all, to the Cross. That stands before the eye at every turn, sometimes with startling effect, as the cruel-seeming bareness of its rough-hewed wood cuts sharply across some flowery, picturesque scene in the woods. One of the Frati says: "San Francesco loved the Cross of Christ above everything, so it must stand always

before us." And so it does. *Uomini crocefissi*. The sons of San Francesco can hardly forget that he meant them to be that.

Mingling continually with the stories of St. Francis that the guiding Frati pours out, come fragments of the Gospel story, intertwined at every step, in every thought, with the story of Christ's poor little man. Every stone of the Holy Mountain, where Francis suffered and attained, seems linked through him to that other Life and Passion, to which he so patiently, so painfully, so joyfully, conformed himself. Step by step, passing from cell to chapel, from chapel to forest, the pilgrim traces out the steps of the Saint. His first cell, with its stone table, an altar now. His first chapel, whose dimensions were traced for him in vision. Another cell, where Brother Falcon roused him to prayer, morning after morning, with rustling wings, and when Francis was very weary, "like a discreet and compassionate person," wakened him later. The rude, damp stone, where sometimes the fragile body was laid to sleep, and all the wonderful cells and passages in the cracked and riven rocks; cracked and riven, as St. Francis loved to think, by Mother Earth's anguish at the hour of the Crucifixion. And, heart and centre of all, the Chapel of the Holy Stigmata.

There the drama of holy memory draws to its climax. The Office begins in the wide, cool, pale-coloured spaces of the church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*. It has a fine austere simplicity about it, rare in Italian churches, but to right and left its sober jewels gleam out, ivory on blue, the loveliest of Della Robbia work, done for love of God and St. Francis. On the one side is an Annuziation. The Blessed Maiden sits in still repose, with down-bent head and quiet hands, the awe of her great acceptance upon her. On the other side, her perfect purity achieved, the Mother of God adores her Son. Nearer to the High Altar, the risen Christ ascends, and the Apostles press round the Blessed Mother, transfigured, one and all, by a wave of ecstasy, as they stand gazing up into Heaven. The church doors are wide open to the sunshine, which pours in almost to the feet of the image of St. Francis, where he stands near the choir, looking down with his sensitive sweet face, half smiling, half shrewdly considering, at the kneeling pilgrims who have come from far away to dwell on his memory.

Behind the altar his sons keep up the chanting of Vespers,

till at a sign, the doors of the choir open, and the two rows of brown-frocked figures pass out, down the church, across one corner of the sunny courtyard, and then along the winding cross-beset passage that leads whither they would go. So, twice in every four and twenty hours they pass, once by day and once by night. The story goes that long ago, in stormy weather when the snow lay deep, once the monks failed of their task, and the wild things of the forest took the duty upon them, so that even for one night, God's great grace to St. Francis should not go unpraised. The procession winds on, through the cell of Brother Falcon, to the Chapel of the Stigmata beyond.

There, the light is subdued even at midday, and the great Della Robbia crucifixion is but dimly seen, with its anguished angel watchers, who shudder and hide their faces. While the dark-robed Brothers kneel under that faintly glimmering presentment of agony, the pilgrims are in the ante-chapel, seeing the ceremony as a picture, framed in the arched doorway. The summer sounds from without, the rushing of the swifts' and swallows' wings, the chirp of sparrows, the ceaseless song of the grasshoppers, come through an open window, and mingle in a strange harmony with the chanted Office of the Stigmata. At the end comes a sudden silence in the chapel, a silence of breathless adoration. The outdoor sounds have it all their own way, and in the sudden, utter stillness, an unseen presence makes itself very real.

Then the Brothers rise and pass out, singing as they go, a Litany of the Blessed Mother, and their voices die away along the vaulted passage.

The great moment of the day is over, and the chapel stands empty. In the fine inlaid work of the stalls are the likenesses of those who have done honour to St. Francis, and among them is a certain passion-worn, eagle-face, that is familiar. Down in Florence it is shadowed in faint fresco on the wall of the Bargello, young and calm then. Here it is older and stronger and sadder, more as it is, when it looks up, out of the shadows where Orcagna's hand traced it, in Santa Maria Novella. Dante's face, and under it here, are written the lines that tell how Francis—

Nel crudo sasso, intra Severe ed Arno,
Da Christo prese l'ultimo sigillo
Che le sue membra du' anni portarno.

The pilgrim to La Verna is the guest of St. Francis, and something of the charm of his personality lingers still in the graceful, kindly hospitality that his sons still show to his guests. And when the *minestra* and the *maccheroni* are eaten the pilgrims may go wandering into the woods, among the rock shrines and cells, and up to La Penna with its view from sea to sea. Every step has its legend, and every tiniest cell its altar, where from time to time the Brothers come to say Mass, and so to hallow every corner of the Holy Mountain. There are little lonely chapels buried in the depths of that forest that look as if Galahad or Percival might come riding by, and pause on the Grail Quest, to kneel a moment at their altars.

Down below, in the Casentino, when the pilgrims come down from the Mount, the sunset is flushing the vineyards, and Arno runs red under its glow. The mellow light falls on La Verna too, and lingers there awhile, when the valley is dark, even as the charm of his beautiful personality lingers still about the Holy Mountain, beloved by St. Francis.

H. GRIERSON.

The Faun.

In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
Wall' ich auf und ab,
Webe hin und her!
Geburt und Grab
Ein ewiges Meer,
Ein wechselnd Weben,
Ein glühend Leben,
So schaff' ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.

BASIL CROFT went slowly down the stairway to the terrace. The stairway was so broad, and the steps so shallow, that a mule could have mounted them with ease; and in fact when the villa and its gardens were being built, the stucco vaulting had echoed often to the crack of whips and to the stroke of ironshod hoofs. But nowadays, in the old Italian Villa, there was silence save for the murmuring of innumerable waters. It was his great-grandfather who had bought the seventeenth century Villa degli Alfagnani, and Basil loved it, because melancholy was in his blood, and the villa had been dear to him even before his wife had asked to come and die within its vast, pale rooms. Built of the local stone, and sheathed only in part by frescoed plaster-work (for the original owner had died before it was finished, and his heirs had never cared to live there), it turned southwards and westwards walls of tawny grey, where the scaffolding-holes still gaped undisguised. That narrowed down the centuries to but a little time: you might almost hear, at the sunset hour, the clinking tools, and the folk-songs of the workmen, at their work and at their labour till the evening. . . . But now a night had come, and no man worked there any more.

But the true miracle of the place was the garden, falling in steep terraces down to the Campagna. From the topmost terrace, running the whole length of the villa and beyond, the enormous view was to be seen framed by the tortured arches and frail pillars of two porticoes. Ferns unfolded exquisite fronds from the crannied stone roofs, draping the fantastic architecture with loveliness. From the next terrace-level,

great cypress-trees and pines made a final austere framework for distance beyond distance of golden light. Gold-green, gold-lilac, then just golden-grey stretched the Campagna. To the right, a few hills and towers sprang into individual prominence; to the left, the ridges undulated gently and disappeared; but before one lay no more than the golden tremulous tints of endless country, and, a faint blue touch on the horizon, the Eternal Dome.

But to Croft the view was alive with discomfort and unquietness; the Dome caused him genuine panic. He had shut himself up at the Villa, after his wife's death, with his little daughter, until the outer world of broad spaces and free movement had grown from unfamiliarity into bewilderment, and then into horror. Yet in the midst of his fear of it he longed for it. "Outside," he felt, the world would be too much for him; yet, here inside, the world had narrowed itself so far that it was killing him; he grew blanched and sick in the shadows of the garden, and talked only with its ghosts. Spasmodically, his body and intelligence would revolt, and demand a man's life and reality: but his sick soul would soon reduce them to submission, chafing a little, but quickly apathetic. Only, the summoning of the Campagna and its gold light had power to break the spell of the crumbling stone and antique foliage of the garden; and most of all, above the floating distances, the Dome stood, a reminder of reality, and could not be got rid of. He hated and feared it, as shattering the world of dreams in which alone he could live till he should fully die.

Built into its present scheme, long since, by Cardinal Scipio degli Alfagnani, the garden was, in reality, older by fifteen centuries; for, in the making of it, walls of Roman masonry, mosaic floors, and all the proofs that exactly here had stood a Roman villa of the Empire, had been discovered. And already it must have been famous for its fountains; for a whole network of lead pipes had been unearthed, and in one place the water was still carried through the old Roman tubes to a Roman dolphin. From its nostrils two slender jets curved upwards and fell pattering into the stone basin just as they had when Hadrian came up to Tivoli.

It was an extraordinary thing to stand there at night and hear all those fountains plashing. In a grotto at the midmost of the terrace the water gushed from the dark arch and leapt boldly, in a cascade, to the second level. Swallowed there

into a tunnel, it spread widely underground and rose once more into a hundred delicate jets, and, once more disappearing, was gathered, in the middle of the third terrace, into a single column of white spray, spouting bravely. Afterwards, this water made a fence of slender jets for the central stairway; while another source plunging out of a Cave of Oracle gloomy beneath huge cypresses and ilexes, reappeared, whispering from the lions' mouths set in a low wall running the whole breadth of the garden. There were exactly one hundred of them, and the path was called the Path of the Talking Fountains. Finally, all these waters streamed together into three large basins set end to end across the base of the garden, and then poured away, underground, to rejoin the Aniene.

The noise of the larger fountains was deadened, somewhat, even in that stone garden, by the ancient trees which grew around them, fencing, too, its sides and lower limit from the wider air and light; and the smaller jets fell, often enough, through fronds of every sort of fern—maidenhair in especial profusion veiled the stonework with its glamour of intricate green—and through sprays of starry periwinkle, of cyclamen, and of trailed geraniums and dim roses. And everywhere the moss spread soft carpets, soaking up the dancing drops.

Therefore from century to century the imprisoned stream had made hushed music down the precipitous garden, while Emperor, and barbarian, and Cardinal and courtier had passed by, and now the sad Englishman listened to its talk, and watched it, a floating silver veil at midnight, or, as now, a golden mist softening the austere green.

He was looking for his little daughter Ursula, with whom he came to play always at this hour. His life found, in her, the only reality round which it consented to twine itself. He played with her shyly but affectionately, and she loved this, and asked nothing better.

But to-day she had had, and was still having, a great adventure.

She was at the bottom of the garden, though she was not allowed to go there by herself, because of the three deep basins with their low parapets. As a rule she was an obedient little girl; but to-day she had run after a big brown butterfly, floating lazily only a little ahead of her; and now she was watching cypress-cones afloat in the blue-green water. Sud-

denly she stopped amazed. On the edge of the furthest tank, a Faun was seated. He looked like a boy of eight or nine years old; his glossy goat's legs plashed in the water, and you could not see his hoofs. His small velvety horns were lost in his tangle of hair. His skin was burnt to the most delicate and transparent amber; his eyes were brown like water over peat. His lips were always laughing; across his low forehead ran already a marked depression, parallel to the brows, which, to one learned in faces, would have caused anxiety.

"O!" said Ursula, and remained staring.

The Faun splashed with his legs in the water and smiled unconcernedly.

Then she recovered herself.

"How do you do, little boy?" she said.

I suppose she thought he was a small *contadino* in furry knickerbockers, and she was not in the least shy of *contadini*. They loved her, one and all, and she invariably began by thinking they could talk English.

He laughed suddenly, and answered with a question.

"What do they call you?" he said.

"Ursula Dolores," said she, a little inclined to think him rude; but, so well-trained was she to pretty manners that at once she added, "Daddy says Ursula means a little bear!"

"And I'm a Faun," said the other, still laughing.

Now Ursula had never seen or even heard of Fauns before; but she had learnt numberless fairy-tales in which the princess was spell-bound as a doe, or the bad fairy as a hedgehog. So naturally she thought the opposite might happen, and no idea that she was making the absurdest mistake occurred to her, when she thought he meant he was a Fawn, in human shape.

So she said *Ooo*, with her eyes very wide open indeed. Then she asked him in an awed whisper, how long he had been like that.

"Once," said he, "I was just a voice. I and my brothers and sisters lived among these hills, and on those plains, there round Rome. Then, somehow, I found when people saw me, I seemed to them like this, as you see me: and little by little I grew to see myself so, too."

Ursula had no notion what he meant. "But, dear Fawn," she said, "how old are you? I'm five."

"And I," said he, whimsically, "am five times five hundred!"

"O Fawn," she said reproachfully, "you *can't* be that!"

"Don't you believe me?" said he, and looked into her eyes, and she deep into his.

She saw at once he told no lie; had she been much older, she would have guessed in the Faun's strange look an almost infinite experience, coupled with the sorrow of one who is resigned never to understand. . . .

But he laughed again, and Ursula, all excitement, cried out: "O Fawny dear; *do, do* tell me all about it. Tell me about your Mummy and your Daddy, and who they were."

The Faun understood, and constantly he laughed, a tinkling laugh, like shallow water over pebbles.

"Ah! but who," asked he, "could tell *me* that? Perhaps a song and the echoing rocks; or the wind rushing through the grass, or the river washing through whistling reeds; some Nymph, and, it may be, some Faun of these parts, or from beyond the hills."

"But didn't they *love* you? Don't you remember them?"

"I am not sure I know what you mean by your word 'remember.' Constantly I know, when I am playing or bathing or listening to the wind—'all this is old . . . old . . . I have been in this, I have belonged to this—ages upon ages . . . I am in it; it is all in me . . .'. But if I should try to tell you when, or how; or paint a picture of what I feel I have within me—why, the sun would flicker, and the trees would wave and shudder, and the light and music die out of the water, and the world would become thin and wan, and all my head would be full of sighs and whisperings . . . No: I do not *remember*."

Of course she could not understand.

"My Mummy died," she said. "Perhaps your Mummy died before you *could* remember."

"Die?" said he. "O no: we can't die."

There was a pause. An awful greyness stole underneath the sunshine.

"But, Fawn," she said, astonished, "if you can't die, aren't you afraid of growing dreadfully, dreadfully old? It is so sad to be old and weak and ugly. My dear Mummy was so lovely when she died!"

"Dear little girl," said the gentle Faun, "I don't know what you mean by what you say. I know men talk to one another about the future, and what it holds; but just as the past they speak of does not exist for me like that, so neither

does the future. I feel myself part of what I see and touch and feel; now already *it* is old, and always *it* grows older, and I with it, and I think it enters more deeply into my dreams—for I have ghosts in my head and faces constantly appearing and then vanishing, and voices that I know *have just* spoken, but the words were missed . . . But no! I have no plans or hopes or thoughts about the future; nor about death. I am *this*: and unless all this should die, I cannot go. And always when it seems about to die, then I grow dim and weak like a mist on the marshes; but always it starts back to life again—and that alternate throb in me and in all around me I can feel and remember, for it is my life that ebbs and flows."

"Fawn," said the little Ursula, who had listened without understanding anything, save that the Faun seemed sad, "what do you play at when it's playtime? I believe it's *always* playtime for you. I don't believe you ever have to do lessons . . ."

She didn't know why she had this intuition.

"I play," he answered, "as the winds and butterflies and clouds play. I lie there in the sun, and listen to the grass clicking and straining and unfolding, and see the flowers unfurl themselves into gold and pink and white, and the butterflies opening and shutting their wings as they sit on them. And I feel the sun pouring right through everything. Or I listen to the rain pattering on the terrace, or to the Talking Fountains, or to the little twigs snapping on the holm-oaks, and the birds fluttering and the cypress fruit falling. . . And I sleep. . . O yes, I think I must sleep long. Things feel so much older and wiser when I wake."

Yet there was much in his play, when April sprang pulsing through his veins, of which he did not tell her. Perhaps he too had intuitions. Perhaps, while she was there, all consciousness alien to her fragrant childhood evaporated from his stored awareness.

But at that moment Basil Croft appeared at the end of the walk and called to Ursula. She looked round, and when she turned back again the Faun was gone.

"O Daddy!" she cried, "I've been having such a lovely time! I've been talking to a Fawn."

"A Fawn, darling?" said he, supposing this to be some new game of make-believe.

"Yes, Daddy! he was a little brown boy with knickers, like—like the goat, Daddy, only brown instead of black. He sat on the edge over there and said such funny things!"

"A little boy?" asked Basil, bewildered. "With knickers like . . ." Suddenly a light broke in upon him. "A *Faun*, dearest, do you mean? Where have you been hearing about fauns?"

"I haven't, Daddy," she insisted. "I've been *talking* to him. *My Faun* was like a little boy, only he said he was five times five hundred years old, and he lies in the sun listening to the grass growing, and once upon a time he was only a voice, and —"

"Ursula, dearest," said he, "tell Daddy whom you've been talking to?"

"I've told you, Daddy," she said, reproachfully. "Isn't it true what he said?"

"Why," said Basil, "once upon a time when the old, old pagans—O, long before Rome was built—lived here, they thought all the strange voices and sounds they heard in the country were real persons—like fairies—and they called them Fauns; and afterwards the Greeks came, who believed in Satyrs—sort of half men and half goats—and they thought the Fauns must be the same as their Satyrs."

"That's it, Daddy! He was just like the little Satyr-boy you have in your study, I remember now! O, *why* didn't I look to see his horns! But Daddy, he said he couldn't remember, and he couldn't wonder what was going to happen to him, and he couldn't die, and he just liked playing in the sun and going to sleep. O, Daddy, he *was* so funny."

They were both too excited to play, and after talking about the Faun for half-an-hour, Ursula went away with her nurse.

Basil walked onwards, in the sunset, lost in excited dreams. It was less that he asked himself whether Ursula could really have seen a Faun, or imagined the interview, or was a victim of some untested psychological influence, than that the whole ideal of the Faun's life suddenly rose up and looked him in the face. He knew well, that these thoughts of aloofness, seclusion, repression, were bleeding his soul white. He could watch himself dying. . . . And there were moments when from the roots of his personality the furious will-to-live came forcing its way out and up and cried tempestuously for recognition. Yes; what he longed for, in his heart, was the free, careless and conscienceless life of men. He dared not grasp it; conscience would protest. He knew that conscience, so far at any rate, was not thus to be garrotted. Yet here *was* a life, conceivable at any rate, even if

realized only in imagination, where memory contained no reproach, and the future no summons, but which lived itself out in a rapturous concentrated present, afraid neither of death, nor of age.

As he thought this, and his will leapt to his desire, he fancied he caught sight of the Faun astride of the old dolphin throwing up his delicate curving jets. He gasped, and all his consciousness ran back towards his heart, and with the cessation of the evocatory will, the vision disappeared. But instantly a strong reaction made itself felt throughout him, and his whole body thrilled to the rush of his soul demanding life and communion with fierce, untrammelled nature. The garden wavered for a moment before him; a convergent force-stream seemed to pour from it as he prayed—for his will was prayer—and this time there was no doubt that the Faun, a strong young man with vigorous goat's legs and hoofs, with pointed ears and butting horns, and black eyes, was riding the dolphin, kicking its stone sides, and laughing lustily.

Basil forced back his fears, his wonder, his questioning, and marched straight forward.

"Hail, Faun," said he.

During the conversations which ensued, this curious fact was to be observed. The appearance of the Faun varied according to the state of mind of Basil. If he yielded ever so slightly to distractions, the Faun became as it were vague in value and like artificial flowers mingled with real roses. In proportion as Basil grew excited or eager, the Faun grew not only more firm in colouring and contour, but more robust, more muscular. His expression was decided, too; and became unmistakably brutal. The bold, unwinking eyes laughed unbelievably; the mouth grew full and at once scornful and alluring; the nose thickened, and the forehead, with its marked depression, seemed less puzzled or dismayed than merely untroubled by all travail of thought.

When it was excessively hot they kept to the garden, Basil pacing, usually, up and down, and the Faun sprawling on the carpet of pine needles and cypress dust, or perched, swinging his legs, on a balustrade, or letting the fountain jets sluice over him, and then scorching his brown skin in the sun where it caught the glowing pavement. Else—and this the Faun preferred—they would wander in the fields at the bottom of the garden, lying hid among the strong-scented, brittle sedge of fennel-stalks, or myrtle shrubs, or crushing the thyme and

mint sprigs into fragrance. Basil noticed that no animal nor insect feared the Faun. Indeed, when with his hoofs he beat a tattoo against the stones, the birds would twitter loudly, and the bleating of goats and kids would come echoing round them. Once a *contadino* passed close to them: he stared full at the Faun without, however, appearing to see him; yet a look of fear crossed his face. As he saluted the *padrone* he made, too, the Sign of the Cross, and for a moment, to Basil, the Faun seemed indistinguishable from the pale stubble and the soil.

Little by little, Basil, who loved to philosophize, thought he could understand the whole psychology of the Faun, and even why he was there. The Faun was, as it were, the expression, or the formal manifestation of the life that was ultimate in all that countryside; and he could be what he was just because, for centuries, that life was essentially unchanged. Not only the flowers and trees and heat and hills were as they had ever been, but these waters and fountains—they still intermingled their natural, spontaneous qualities with that mysterious artificiality which betokened the mind of man; and this Faun, who united in himself humanity and the wild life of plant and herd and wind and sun, could find among them a home which never need drive him into exile. As long as the fountains and the fields were what they were, and the mind of the men who dwelt there suffered no inward change, so long might the Faun remain there himself and enter into communication with humanity. But at once the intuition came to Basil, first, that it was with few enough that he seemed to speak: none in that neighbourhood had ever mentioned to him the reputed presence there of a Faun; there were no legends—save of the vaguest kind, when stories would be told of frightened girls, or children driven mad, or men who came back from the fields, cursing Christ, none knew why, and ending, perhaps, in suicide; or, again, of holy priests and hermits who exorcized devils from the hills, or even, who entered into conversation with the birds and beasts, and saw God everywhere. But all this was easy of interpretation, and the *contadino* had not seen the Faun the day he met them. Had then the minds of these *contadini* changed, yet not his own? Was he, alone of them all, a lineal descendant from the pagans . . . ? Was he not, like them, a Catholic . . . ? Ah! of that he was no longer so sure; now, not even as an enemy did that religion present itself before him. And the Dome was but an incident of the horizon.

Yet Ursula! *She* had seen the faun, the dear baby—a smaller faun, no doubt, a gentler, purer creature, yet definitely a faun, a bit of pagan soul, a thing of naturalism. Was Pan then not wholly evil? Were pagandom and the Church not wholly divorced? And he recalled with a smile the old rationalist taunts. No! it was not that; but were indeed the souls of pagan cult and Christian not wholly disparate . . . ?

However that might be, it was a shock to him to see how his own mood would alter, as we said, the Faun's appearance. When he was all enjoyment of the sun and of the flowers the Faun was gay, brilliant, a good comrade; when Basil philosophized and tried to separate himself, and stand aloof, and analyze his world, the Faun's eyes grew vacant; his lips hung loose like an idiot's; no response showed itself in his flaccid limbs and attitude. When he was sad, and allowed the melancholy of the world's constant decay, undying death, and futile cycle of existence to dominate him, then again in the Faun's eyes welled upwards the sadness of twilight, of unwatched waters falling through the woods, of ancient places in which life had throbbed, and had passed. Bewilderment; no anchor of faith; no parted clouds showing the stars of hope: the deplorable insufficiency of existence. But once (for, extraordinary as it may seem, Basil's soul alternated with increasing rapidity and emphasis between a loathing of this universe and a worship of it—of *it*, in itself and as though it were the all, and therefore God) he sprang back in terror. He had, in a moment of despair, clutched at what earth was, accepted it, and made of it his God, renouncing what was further. . . . At that moment, in the Faun's features, peered out a Face, masterful, cruel, lustful, and miserable beyond words, and its eyes, like ice, pierced into the very marrow of Croft's soul. He called on God, and rolled over, hiding his face in his hands. When he turned, the Faun was gone.

Perhaps that moment's outcry ultimately saved him. But during the eighteen months immediately following, Basil met the Faun not unfrequently, and found in his society quite enough to keep him within the limits of the villa and its property. He made no formal or exterior contract, or apostasy, only interiorly he felt himself dwindling, growing narrower in range of thought or reaction of pleasure; and rarely reading, now, in the Faun's eyes, those hints of distant horizons and deep skies and stored up centuries. At all times the Faun's mind was not, as it were, spread out towards the past, any

more than it reached forth into the future: but it had on it the cumulative consciousness garnered by those antique hills and plains of which he was the spirit. But even this mysterious quality, which used to thrill Basil, now tended to find him numb and irresponsible: he was conscious ever more exclusively of the surface, and of the immediate illusion of his senses.

Meanwhile, Ursula had never seen the Faun again. Perhaps this was because, for a year, her thoughts had been taken up by her preparation for First Communion. Perhaps he never showed himself to more than one person at a time. And in fact, Basil whimsically argued, how should he reveal himself, simultaneously, in the guise suited to the white simplicity of a child and to the half reckless, half melancholy moods of a philosopher . . . ?

But Corpus Christi had come round, and that morning Ursula had made her First Communion in the old Church of Santa Maria all' Acqua cadente, built above the yet older grotto of the Nymphs. In the evening the old Franciscan who had instructed her came to the garden, and he and Basil, each holding Ursula by the hand, went down into the sunset through the fountains.

To be with his little daughter in her joy (he was far more loyal to her soul's weal than to his own) he had made a violent effort, and had confessed, and received at her side the Body of Christ.

"Look, Daddy," said Ursula; "that's where I saw the Faun."

"That was when you were a little pagan," said the Friar, who had heard the story, and had formed his own opinion. "At least, you didn't know as well as you do now who it is that walks in gardens when the sun sets."

"But, padre Angelo! I was so happy!"

"Happier than this evening?"

"O no, padre! Not nearly. I *am* so happy now. I want to tell everything how happy I am."

"Well, tell them, *carina*," said he, smiling.

"You dear trees," she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "you lovely, lovely fountains; I'd like you to be as happy as I am. Perhaps they really are, Daddy, if we knew."

The Franciscan chanted softly, in its old Italian, the seraphic hymn:

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor luna et per le stelle,
In ciel le hai formate clare et belle.

Laudato sia mio Signore per frate vento,
Et per l'aire et nuvolo, et sereno et ogni tempo;
Per le quale dai a le tue creature sostentamento.

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor aqua,
La quale è molto utile et humile et pretiosa et casta. . .

Laudato sia il mio Signore per nostra madre terra,
La quale ne sostenta et governa,
Et produce diversi fructi et coloriti fiori et herba. . .

"Yes, padre, but I want to tell them so *themselves*. You tell them."

"O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

"O all showers and dew, bless ye the Lord, O dews and frost, O snow and days and nights, bless ye the Lord, praise ye and magnify Him for ever. O all ye things that sprout within the earth, O fountains, O birds and beasts and sons of men. O ye priests, bless ye the Lord" (went on the son of St. Francis), "O ye servants of the Lord, ye spirits and souls of the righteous, ye holy and humble men of heart, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever!"

"There!" he concluded: "all the world joins with little Ursula on her happy day of First Communion."

"Why, padre, padre," said Basil smiling, but gently; "that's what we call in English the pathetic fallacy."

"Of that I know nothing," said the old man. "But this is her Communion day. When the sin of our first parents violated our peace with God, the whole earth suffered for their sakes, and put forth thorns, and grew stony. Now is the Prince of Peace come back. 'He is our peace,' he quoted. 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree. . . . *Benedetto sia Gesù Cristo, vero Dio e vero Uomo.*'"

"*Benedetto il nome di Gesù,*" whispered Basil.

"Jesus loved flowers, didn't he, padre Angelo?" she said.

"*Ma sicuro, carina,*" he affirmed. He loved the little flowers of the field . . . and the tiny sparrows. . . . The Father clothes them, the Father carries them. . . ."

"And fountains, padre?"

"I think fountains too, dear baby. It is leaping, dancing, pouring water by which He and His best friends love to symbolize His Spirit."

"And even I," said Basil, "when I was a boy, I loved to think of the river winding through New Jerusalem, with the leafy Tree of Life on either side."

"*Fluminis impetus*," quoted the priest. "The rush of the river makes glad the City of God."

Basil answered with another quotation. "The City of God," said he, "is the world as God sees it."

"O Daddy!" cried Ursula, "how *lovely* if we could only see the world as God sees it."

"She can, can't she, padre?" Basil asked.

"She can learn," he answered. "Remember always, *carina*, that it was the *Padre Eterno* who made it, and who loves it and keeps it; and that the *bambin' Gesù* came to live in it, and that the *Santo Spirito* pours right through it and fills it—O, up to the brim! Such a fountain! Such sunbeams and bright sprays! And you can be a little *Maria Santissima*, a little *Immacolata*, and bring Jesus to live wherever you go, if you ask hard enough. On your Communion day there is nothing you must be afraid to hope for."

The child and the priest stood silent, entering into the joy of their Lord.

Basil, for a brief space, understood the mystery of Communion. Possibly he might never stand, or by no means yet, at that Centre where they stood, and which is everywhere; yet he too knew for a moment the mystery of that inclusive vision.

Yes! and for a moment he saw, perched there among the cyclamen, the little Faun. He was a baby faun, his skin clear like the palest gold, and his hair silky. He was smiling up, most sweetly, at the old man and the little girl, but they did not see him. He turned to Basil, and, as he turned, Basil looked for the last time into the Faun's eyes, and saw that they were of the purest blue.

C. C. M.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

Summer Schools in the States.

REFERENCE has been made in these pages more than once lately¹ to the various organizations for study, and for the social intercourse of students, held during the summer vacation. If only for purposes of comparison a few notes may perhaps usefully be added upon the Catholic "Summer Schools" which flourish so remarkably in the United States. Of these there are two outstanding examples, one for the East and another for the Central West, of which the former owns a great freehold property at Cliff Haven, on the shore of Lake Champlain in the State of New York, and numbers its members by thousands each year, from schoolboys and college youths in their camps, and girls in their hostels, to adults in the club-hotels of varying grades, and families in the villas available for private tenancy. Naturally, an organization of such a wide scope will have methods and immediate aims very different from those of Louvain, Oxford, and Derbyshire. The gathering in Belgium, which concerns itself about ethnological problems, might almost be described as a meeting of specialists to receive information from the primary authorities in their special subject, the Oxford meeting of various types of non-Catholic theologians, as one of serious students for instruction by specialists, and the social-study school at Swanwick as something between the two, but rather more of a congress than a school. At any rate, the almost exclusive object of all three is study—and as much of it as can be got into a short given space of time.

The American "Summer Schools," on the other hand, have much more prominently the mark of holiday-making. Throughout their session of some ten weeks of the summer season, they receive continuous relays of visitors for whom holiday attractions are provided of an excellence which enables them to compete successfully with those of any other resort. Thus we read in the Lake Champlain Prospectus of

¹ See "Summer Theology," *THE MONTH*, September, 1912; the "Semaine d'ethnologie religieuse," *Ibid.*, October, 1912, &c.

sails on the lake, rowing, riding, fishing, athletic sports, golf tournaments for boys, girls, and adults; concerts, card-parties, and dances, culminating in "the Champlain Club Hop each Wednesday evening." Astonishing as might be such features if set down in the middle of a Louvain or Oxford programme, their provision in a "Summer School" of the American type seems to us eminently worthy of imitation. Much mischief indeed might be avoided amongst ourselves were parents and guardians able to send their young folks to a holiday resort where they would have a thoroughly good time, and yet be safe from mischievous influences and live in a bracing Catholic atmosphere. Especially useful would be a "College Camp" like that of Lake Champlain, where boys and youths live an open-air life for a month under experienced yet congenial supervision. That there is a demand, the present writer is well assured; from his knowledge of the applications received for admission to a small private camp held annually on the Belgian coast, which owing to the circumstances of the case have to be reluctantly refused.

But it would be an injustice to the Lake Champlain school to imply that its educational work is negligible. As Father D.J. Hickey, its president and moving spirit, writes in his preface to the Prospectus for this year, "above all else the educational idea stands forth. The purpose is to analyze the various problems that confront us, to illustrate them by the lessons of history, and to apply to their solution the principles and ideals of Catholic history." The lectures, Father Hickey proceeds, must necessarily be to a great extent popular; but he looks forward to great developments in the future, which will not, we imagine, exclude the needs of the serious student from their scope. The actual lectures, intended primarily for the adult members of the community, number some nine a week, and this year included five by Dr. J. A. Ryan, of St. Paul, on Sociology; four by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M., on the influence of St. Francis on Poetry; four by Dr. Roche, of Toronto, on Oriental Religions; and five on English Composition by Father Donnelly, S.J.—not the maker and late Rector of Stamford Hill Church and College, however well qualified to discourse on such a subject, but a namesake of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Such other attractive items are added as Sunday evening talks on the Propagation of the Faith, and "Round-table Talks" on subjects of current Catholic interest. Facilities are also provided for educational classes in lan-

guages, music, &c., and for holiday coaching for the boys in camp where it is desired. As a link between camp and camp, courses of "Extension lectures" and reading circles are organized for the winter in the large towns. Expenses, it should be added, are very moderate, allowing for the difference between American and English prices, and the wide scope of the camp allows provision to be made suitable to widely different purses without risk of any invidious distinctions being felt.

But, as it seems to us, the triumph of the Champlain Assembly lies more in its social achievement in the Catholic cause than even in its educational and recreative work. After a visit as long ago as 1904, the Abbot Gasquet wrote, "the Summer School was in many ways the most interesting thing I saw in America. It is a wonderful creation." That some thousands of Catholics in the United States should each year have "the means of meeting during the summer months in a place where, amid the delights of natural beauty, the pleasures of social intercourse, and the accompaniment of legitimate, healthful recreation, they may learn to know one another better and *to understand their strength*," seems to us a great thing accomplished, which we in England on our smaller scale should hasten to imitate. The isolated Catholic, the new convert, the Catholic obliged to live habitually in an atmosphere inimical to the Faith, would find strength, inspiration and a quickened zeal; the Catholic busy all the year round in some limited circle of good works, would find opportunities for mutual counsel and encouragement with other workers, a broader outlook upon the Church's work and, with that, a deeper knowledge of and devotion to her cause. There is little sense of "corporate Catholicity," as is evidenced by our Congresses, in the Church in England. That the time is ripe for a Catholic theological study-week on the Oxford lines, we heartily agree. But it is over-ripe for some beginning of an English "Champlain Assembly."

H. S. D.

Lord Haldane on the New Preaching.

On June, 7th the Lord Chancellor laid the foundation-stone of Cheshunt College, the new Nonconformist College which is being transferred from Cheshunt to Cambridge. This College traces back its descent to an original foundation at Trevecca, in Brecknockshire, made in 1769 by the eccentric Countess of Huntingdon, Whitefield's convert and patroness.

Having to make a speech on the occasion it was obvious that Lord Haldane should bethink himself of Whitefield's singularly persuasive power as a preacher, and should choose for his subject a comparison between the task of the preacher in Whitefield's days and at the present time. Whether the particular lesson he drew from the comparison was in place as addressed to students preparing themselves for a form of Nonconformist ministry it is for them to judge.

As reported by the *Times* for June 9th, Lord Haldane said:

In those days, a revival movement was an easier thing than it was to-day. . . The period of the controversy of dogma against dogma had passed, because the minds of men and women were searched by a different kind of doubt. It was said that there was indifference to religion to-day. He did not believe it. There was the same intensity as of old, the same "obstinate questionings of things of sense and outward things," of which Wordsworth spoke, but the questionings arose from a deeper source. They went to the very roots of reality; to questions of which the theologians of old days never dreamed, and never called into controversy.

To meet this new mentality, which had become so general, the preacher required a very different training from that which had sufficed in former days.

He was face to face with those who questioned the very fundamentals on which he proceeded, and who asked whether his conceptions were not too narrow for the transcendent problems with which they thought he was dealing. . . He must have knowledge, without which he could not persuade in the critical surroundings which were his. . . Of course he required a great deal more than knowledge. . . He required the aid of the inspiration which art gave to the poet and which religion gave to the preacher. He required that spirit by which Whitefield persuaded, but that spirit embodied in a knowledge which in the old days was not in the same degree necessary.

Lord Haldane states correctly the contrast which some non-Catholics would draw between the Old and the New Preaching. But does he realize its true significance? He is confident that belief in dogma as a thing of vital importance is a thing of the past, never to return. He referred to two dogmas by way of illustration, pronouncing that men will never in future feel enough interest in the Predestination and the *Filioque* controversies to dispute fiercely on either side.

They were not good instances to select, and the choice of the second convicts him of a very superficial acquaintance with the facts of Church history. For it was not the *Filioque* but the *Homousios* controversy by which "the great Church of Christendom was riven in two" (so far as it was riven in two), and the *Homousios* controversy, instead of bearing on a trivial matter, was just the controversy whether our Lord Jesus Christ was or was not God as well as man. But this incidental question apart, what is dogma? It is but another name for revealed doctrine, with the added implication that it is revealed truth clearly propounded and certainly known as such. Hence to say that men have ceased to feel interest in dogma is to say that they have ceased to feel interest in revealed religion; above all, therefore, in the religion of Christianity. Happily that is very far from being the case of men generally, as is witnessed not only by the vast and compact body of earnest Catholics, but also by the many "orthodox" Protestants (including, let us hope, the students of Cheshunt College) whose religion is a reality to them.

And belief in dogma still enduring in such multitudes of hearts, the time-honoured conception of the preacher's office must endure too; for thus conceived the preacher's office is to proclaim unceasingly from the pulpit that body of revealed truths which has been set for the rule of Christian lives, and to exhort to its observance with all the fervour of inspiration which comes from deep personal conviction.

Of course it is also unfortunately true that an appallingly large section of the present generation has lost its belief in the dogmas of the Christian revelation. It is these that Lord Haldane had in mind, and for their benefit that he thinks the preacher's office should be transformed. Can we agree with him to this extent? His point is that, though indifferent to dogma, modern men are very far from being indifferent to religion, that their minds are still filled with "obstinate questionings, of things of sense and outward things," which "arise from a deeper source" (deeper than what?) and "go to the very roots of reality"; and that, accordingly, the modern preacher's aim should be to invest himself with a very competent equipment of the best religious philosophy, and with its aid to afford relief to these obstinate questionings. We trust we are rightly interpreting Lord Haldane. His citation from Wordsworth, coupled with his own known Hegelian tendencies, seems to imply that he would have the modern

preacher concern himself especially with the question of Idealism. But we imagine he means to include the whole range of philosophical and similar puzzles that perplex modern minds, and would have the modern preacher concern himself with them all. He thinks that in assigning to him such a work he is elevating his office. The fact that he was laying a foundation-stone did not apparently suggest to Lord Haldane that foundations on which no safe superstructure can be built cannot be regarded with much satisfaction; or the architect's work either, when bestowed on these foundations, if he can never hope to make them really sound. Yet is not that what his new conception of the preacher's function comes to? Sunday after Sunday the modern preacher is to guide his people through abstruse speculations on fundamental questions, which if dealt with on the lines our modern rationalistic pundits prescribe, never will lead, nor are ever expected to lead, to any certain settlements. Indeed, if that is what we are to mean by preaching, what service can it do to religion of any sort? Had it not better be discontinued altogether, or replaced by moral discourses founded on a naturalistic basis, and without pretence to be a function of religion?

Still, we agree with Lord Haldane that modern men are not indifferent to religion; that, so far from religion being, as we were told a generation ago, a mere weed which must soon be exterminated by the sterilization-processes of physical science, it is still "the greatest moving force in the world, and will continue to be so, because it goes to the very root of human nature." We discern its roots, as perhaps Lord Haldane would not, deep down in the normal human heart, in an intimate conviction, not always articulate, but irrepressible and imperative, that there is a Soul, that there is a God, that there is a Hereafter; and, moreover, that only when the true road for the Soul to its God and its Hereafter is known, can its true rest be attained. And is not this a point which casts light on the true function of the preacher, and shows that the old, not the new, path is the best for him to follow, even if he would lay himself out for the conversion of unbelievers? Lord Haldane, surely, was peculiarly unhappy in using George Whitefield's name as the peg on which to hang his theory of the New Preaching. We are no followers of that erratic preacher, whose ministrations, though well-intentioned and full of fervour, were vitiated by the taint of some very in-

jurious errors. Still he, and his greater colleague Wesley, struck a sound note in their preaching, when, dissatisfied with the vapid demonstrations of the truth of the Christian religion which were customary in the Anglican pulpits of those days, and were the correlatives to the sort of preaching Lord Haldane recommends to modern preachers, they went through the land, preaching boldly and ardently, "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." It was thus that they brought so many sinners to a sense of their spiritual state and converted them; it was thus that Whitefield was enabled, if not to convert, at all events to make a profound impression on, certain hard-hearted sceptics who came to listen to him. Deep called to deep in the recesses of their inmost being, the voice of the preacher preaching Christ crucified to the voice of the religious consciousness urging its threefold demand. So is it still more with the Catholic mission-preacher, as he goes his rounds from place to place preaching in a purer form that same dogma of Christ crucified. And so it will always be.

S. F. S.

A Pope who had visited England.

All the world knows that only one Englishman has ever been enthroned upon the chair of St. Peter. But apart from Nicholas Breakspeare, one may ask with an interest which is something more than that of idle curiosity how many of the occupants of the Holy See have ever set foot upon English soil. That Leo XIII., when Archbishop Pecci, at the close of his nunciature in Brussels, paid a month's visit to England in 1846 seems beyond question. Pius IX., though he had been sent on a mission to South America in his young days, never travelled northwards or crossed the English Channel. But there must have been others besides Leo who had had the opportunity of forming a personal impression of our fog-laden atmosphere, and it is interesting to believe that among these we may probably count Innocent III. himself, the greatest of the later mediæval Popes. Although the evidence upon which this rests is not new, the indirect confirmation it receives from other sources deserves a passing word.

To begin with the evidence itself. In 1207 a certain William, monk of Andres, an abbey some ten or twelve miles south of Calais, had occasion to go to Italy upon important

business connected with the monastery to which he belonged. He tells us how he found the Pope at Viterbo, and how, largely owing to the influence of Cardinal Stephen Langton, he met with a gracious reception. His account of his successful negotiations, which contains one or two graphic touches, runs as follows:¹

Finding at last my opportunity, I who write these things, one day when the Pope had awakened after his mid-day siesta and was for the time at leisure, came to him when he was alone (*solus ad solum accessi*) and saluted him on my knees. Afterwards, being invited to kiss him (*ad eius osculum invitatus*) and much encouraged thereat, I sat down by his direction at his feet and showed him the privilege of Pope Alexander formerly granted to our church.

We need not go into the business discussed, but Pope Innocent was very gracious, and finally replied:

At the proper time and place we will hear you read your despatches, and whatever our duty to God allows, that we will gladly do for yourself and for your church; for at the time when we were residing at Paris and following the schools (*tempore quo Parisiis in scholis resedimus*) we went on a pilgrimage to St. Thomas. On that journey we received hospitality at your church, and, under the rule of some venerable old man, we found it, as it seemed to us, in an excellent state of discipline.

This is a very clear and explicit statement recorded by a reliable witness, who had heard it from the Pontiff's own lips. In support of it we may notice that in August of the year 1179 King Louis of France came on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, an almost unprecedented event, duly registered by such English chroniclers as Ralph de Diceto and Matthew Paris, who dilate upon the honour paid him by the English King and on the offerings made by Louis. Now it is certain that the young Italian of noble family, Lothario di Segni, the future Innocent III., was at this precise time a student in Paris. He probably left for Bologna the next year. The example given by the French King is bound to have found many imitators. Lothario may even have attached himself to some of the *magnates*,² who formed Louis's retinue on that occasion. It is highly probable that King

¹ See *Willelmi Chronica Andrensis* in M.G.H.: SS. xxiv. pp. 737, 738.

² Cf. the *Chronicon Anglia Petriburgense*: "1179. Peregrinatio Ludovici regis Francie et aliorum magnatum ejusdem regni ad S. Thomam Cant."

Louis stayed near Andres on his way, for the Abbey Chronicle records his journey at some length.

What lends further countenance to this idea is the special interest which Innocent always took in England and his intimacy with several distinguished Englishmen, notably Stephen Langton and Robert de Curson, who probably had been his contemporaries at Paris. Both these two were certainly made Cardinals by him and entrusted with affairs of the highest importance. Moreover, it would seem from the detailed account of his own missions, given by Giraldus Cambrensis, that Innocent was on extremely easy terms with the Englishmen whom business took to Rome. This impression is confirmed by a very interesting narrative which Thomas de Marleberge, of Evesham Abbey, compiled, after making more than one journey to the eternal city. The case between Marleberge and his opponents, representing the Bishop of Worcester, was argued before Innocent in person, and one of the Bishop's counsel advanced the plea:

"Holy Father, according to what we learnt in the schools and to what was laid down by our professors, no prescription can run against the rights of a bishop." Whereupon the Lord Pope interposed "Certainly you and your professors must have drunk copiously of your English beer when you learned such principles as these."¹

This sounds distinctly like the remark of one who had had some personal experience of English fare. English beer, it must be admitted, does not seem to have been altogether popular with travellers from the South. That very elusive satirist, Hugo Primas, who is apparently the true author of many of the ribald "Goliath" verses attributed by error to Walter Map, has a charming quatrain preserved to us in the *Distinctiones Monasticæ* of an anonymous English Cistercian.

Hugh Primas (says this compiler) when he found himself in England, and humorously complained in verse that he was compelled to drink beer, wrote, between jest and earnest, the following lines:—

Est labor hic esse, quum sit potare necesse
Potum de messe, quam nos consuevimus esse.
Poto, sed invite; probo pocula gentis avitæ,
Vinum de vite, quia vitis janua vitæ.²

¹ *Chronicon Abbatie de Evesham* (Rolls Series), p. 189.

² "It is wearisome to be here, since it is necessary to drink draughts of the grain that *nous autres* are accustomed to eat. I drink, but reluctantly; the cups.

Pope Innocent III., like Hugo Primas, seems to have preferred the beverage of his forefathers.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Late
Laureate.

WHEN a man is placed in a false position, both the position and the man are apt to suffer. In 1896, four years after the death of Tennyson, Lord Salisbury put Mr. Alfred Austin in a false position by making him Poet-Laureate, and we find, now that death has released him from it, that neither the office nor the individual has benefited by this union. Austin was no ornament to the office, which in turn put his mediocre poetic abilities to a test they were never meant to endure. Slender as was his performance before his elevation, what he wrote subsequently is wholly negligible. Left in his own little literary niche he would have ranked fairly high amid those minor poets with whom the later Victorian age swarmed. He could have followed his bent and waited on his Muse. But as Laureate, forced to write to order, he displayed his limitations unmistakably and brought his high post into disrepute. *Punch's* cruel cartoon of him on his appointment, tip-toeing in vain as "Alfred the Little" to reach the lyre hung high upon the laurels by "Alfred the Great," was an obvious anticipation of the judgment of posterity.

Yet there are many sweet and lofty passages amidst his voluminous earlier writings, notably in "Madonna's Child," to which some of the influences of his abandoned faith lent force and inspiration. He was not by any means the "banjo Byron" of Browning's angry phrase, but a capable performer on a worthier poetic instrument, at his best in simple yet picturesque narrative with interludes of song, yet wholly lacking in the power of elaboration and selection. If he had had any faculty of self-criticism he would never have accepted the Laureateship.

The Question
of a
Successor.

Should that ancient office still retain its place on the Lord Chamberlain's roll, amongst the Bargemasters, Pages of the Back Stairs, Keepers of the Swans, and other traditional appanages of the Court? And if so, can it risk having another

I favour are those of my forefathers—wine from the grape—for the vine is the gateway of life." See *Spicilegium Solesmense*, iii. 472. It is impossible in a translation to preserve the play upon words in the original. As for the metre, Hugo evidently allows himself great liberties, e.g., in lengthening a short *e* before a cæsura. This quatrain seems to have escaped the notice of Wm. Meyer when he wrote on Hugo Primas in the *Göttingen Nachrichten* for 1907.

Alfred Austin? These questions naturally are being much debated and, as the Prime Minister puts it, "are being considered under all their aspects." Amongst these aspects the fact undoubtedly presents itself that there is no poet now alive so pre-eminent above the rest that his claims to the dignity cannot be questioned. When last the choice had to be made several of the great Victorians were still alive, but they were ineligible because of their revolutionary views in politics and morality. No such barriers, as far as we know, exist in the case of any of the modern "eligibles," (amongst whom we do not reckon that gloomy atheist, Mr. Thomas Hardy); on the other hand, there is no one amongst them who by virtue of performance or promise merits to be called really great. Poets there are in plenty, who have their moments of triumph and achievement. We venture to think that never has the level of what may be called magazine poetry been so high, but where in these democratic days is there a genuine king of song?

And idly tuneful the loquacious throng
Flutter and twitter, prodigal of time,
And little masters make a toy of song,
Till grave men weary of the sound of rhyme.¹

It may not be quite so bad as Mr. Watson paints it, but it is bad enough. Better leave the throne vacant than have it inadequately filled. This is not a case in which the half is better than the whole.

**The Progress
of
Militancy.**

The natural result of the unbalanced pursuit of an ideal has occurred and, in the woman killed by the King's horse on Derby Day, militant suffragism has gained its first martyr. The fact is deeply to be regretted. We do not question the courage or the sincerity of the poor fanatic who thus threw away her life, but, objectively, those dispositions do not make her conduct less criminal. She was guilty of constructive murder and suicide: that is, she deliberately and without just cause exposed her own life and that of another to almost certain destruction. If she is to be thought a genuine martyr, so too is the anarchist who is slain by his own bomb. Her death is regrettable because it tends to submerge once more in floods of misguided emotion a cause which has need of the clearest exercise of reason, and because it throws a halo of romance about an action essentially evil, than which no more potent source of unsound morality can be imagined. We shall be surprised if Miss Davison's action does not find imitators. How the immoral doctrine that the end justifies the means is being preached may be wit-

¹ William Watson, *Wordsworth's Grave*.

nessed, not only in the open advocacy of "militancy" by those that practise it, but also in the strange reluctance of those whose Catholic faith deprives them of the excuse of ignorance, to condemn it. We are still waiting for such a condemnation from that body of Catholic women, the express object of whose formation was the promotion of Catholic principles in the Suffrage movement at large: their silence would certainly seem to suggest that they do not consider militancy to be at variance with Catholic principles. There is more true Christianity in the Liverpool Branch of the (Anglican) Church League for Women's Suffrage, which lately re-affirmed a rule debarring militants from joining its ranks, and had consequently to sever its connection with the parent organization. We are told by a Catholic apologist that "it is those who condemn militancy who should make it their duty to prove that the vote can be won by constitutional methods."¹ We should have thought it sufficient to point out that militancy is condemned by the law of God. If there is any cause which *necessitates* the use of evil means for its attainment, that cause itself is thereby proved to be evil.

**The Ethics
of
Controversy.**

In our last issue we ventured some remarks about the ethics of controversy, and reflected on the rarity of a satisfactory close of a newspaper discussion—a conclusion, that is, by which not only should the truth be established, but also those who opposed it should be brought to acknowledge their error. As we were writing there started in the *Tablet* (May 17), as it were in illustration of our theme, a dispute begun by a correspondent styled "Enlightened," who made what can only be characterized as a malignant attack upon one of the most useful of our institutions, the "Catholic Social Guild." This organization which, from the moment of its inception till now, has met with warm and increasing support from the Catholic hierarchy, which has the Rector of Oscott for its president and many well-known priests and lay folk on its committee, which, as the writer knew, had had entrusted to it the arrangements of the chief mass meeting (with his Eminence in the chair) at the forthcoming Plymouth Congress—this body was stigmatized, on the strength of an *obiter dictum* in one of its debates, as in reality socialistic in its methods, whilst ostensibly professing to stand for Catholic principles in matters economic.

This reckless and false accusation, which reflected, not only upon the zealous Catholics who are combined to remedy social evils, but also upon the Cardinal and the Bishops who have given them such marked and continual encouragement, was repudiated

¹ *Catholic Times*, May 9, 1913.

in plain and temperate language in the following issue by the President of the Guild, who enumerated the grounds for confidence which the members had that their objects and methods were in harmony with the teaching of the Church and had the sanction and sympathy of her pastors. Other writers also made it abundantly clear that, not only was the charge itself founded on a mistaken report, but that the Guild expressly disclaimed responsibility for the opinions expressed in its academic debates. What did "Enlightened," whose name had now become so apt, say in answer to all this? Apologize and withdraw the slander? Own to a prejudiced and superficial view of the C.S.G.? Show gratitude for information and regret for impulsiveness and readiness to make amends? No, "Enlightened" did none of these things: "Enlightened" said nothing.

This, then, is the curious point to which we wish to draw attention—the absence of any sense of responsibility for the truth of what they say constantly shown by correspondents even in Catholic papers. "Enlightened" was either convinced or not convinced by the overwhelming proofs given him of the orthodoxy of the C.S.G. If convinced, surely regard for truth and courtesy demanded an acknowledgment of the fact. If unconvinced, there was no less urgent a call, in the interests of religion itself, to show in what way the C.S.G. is propagating Socialism. To attack, and then refuse to retract or to substantiate, is, speaking objectively, the trick of a coward.

**A
Living
Wage.**

The Congress programme informs us that the subject to be discussed at the C.S.G. General Meeting on Saturday, July 5th, is "The Living Wage." This well-known phrase stands for the right of the wage-earner to such remuneration for his labour as will enable him in his circumstances to lead a decent human life. This dictate of natural justice, loudly and authoritatively declared by Pope Leo XIII., has been much obscured in the modern industrial world by the false political economy derived from Adam Smith, and even now some people fail to see its complete reasonableness. God, in giving life to the individual, gives him also a claim to the means necessary for supporting it. We are taught that in the face of extreme need all rights of private ownership cease; in other words, that one sins against justice in refusing a starving man the means of sustenance from one's own goods. Such goods, to the extent requisite, belong for the moment to the person in need rather than to their actual owner. The Living Wage doctrine is but another aspect of the same truth. Given that the wage-earner has only his labour to depend on for his livelihood, that livelihood must

necessarily be the first charge upon the wealth he shares in producing. He must be supported by his work or he must be supported by the community. In a society in which, as a result of a ruthless un-Christian individualism, the vast majority of wage-earners have nothing but wages to live by, the question becomes very complicated, and some sort of a return to a system of multiplied proprietorship seems necessary for its solution. On no point so fitly as on this can the energies and researches of the Catholic Social Guild be expended, and we trust that, following on the Congress deliberations, a clear lead may be given to Catholic thought in this country and a thorough stimulus to Catholic practice in regard to this great principle of justice.

**The
Marconi
Report.**

It is no concern of ours to discuss the political results of what must still be called the "Marconi scandal"—the dealings of responsible Ministers with shares which were likely to be

affected by a Government contract—but it must be plain to every observer that the Report of the Parliamentary Committee, appointed to determine whether and how far Ministers were culpable in the matter, has reduced that species of judicial investigation to a farce. There was little pretence of impartiality in the examination of witnesses, and even that pretence was abandoned in the frankly partizan Report, which illustrates one of the worst results of government by faction. Yet it is easier to point out the disease than the remedy. Men will always form schools and parties in politics as in every other branch of human activity, speculative or practical. And for practical purposes political parties must be organized, made few in number and circumscribed in independence. The result is a compromise between the spirit of democracy, which demands that the people's representatives should have an actual share in government, and the need of efficiency which calls for speed, unity and uniformity in action. Unchecked democracy would result in chaos; entire efficiency would tend to suppress all opposition and criticism. The combination of these two incompatibles works out as the British Parliament, which represents democracy much as the Rome of Augustus represented republicanism, and which is a bye-word for business incompetence. In our generation, we have seen the freedom of debate and the independence of members gradually reduced to a minimum, in order to secure some legislative results, and no one can say where the process will end. The Marconi Report is one of many indications that the Party-System is becoming bankrupt, but there are no indications as to how it is to be reinstated or replaced.

**Mr. Chesterton's
Trial.**

One can appreciate the sincerity and admire the courage of the Editor of the *New Witness*, without approving of all his aims and many of his methods. He is instant in his endeavours to purify politics, to restrict unwarranted State interference, to secure justice for the poor, to break the tyranny of mere wealth—all truly Christian objects worthy of a Christian's sympathy. He has fought valiantly for those objects with but few to support him and in face of the plutocracy which commands the powerful party press. And he has achieved a considerable measure of success. But it is regrettable, however natural, that in his desire to overthrow by hard and continuous hitting what he feels to be established evils, he has sometimes laid hold of unworthy weapons. Much can be put down to a vigorous journalistic style, but not everything. It must have come as a painful surprise to his friends that, as his recent trial disclosed, he could adduce so little positive and tangible evidence to justify his wholesale denunciations of certain politicians and financiers. It may sometimes happen that one is convinced of a fact without being able to quote convincing proofs of it, but in that case one should not attempt to make one's convictions public, especially if they concern the reputation of others. Catholics have suffered and suffer so much in their faith from groundless antipathies and prejudices, from exaggeration and misrepresentation, from abuse and unkindness and innuendo, that they are quick to recognize and deplore the same modes of warfare in other relations. Mr. Chesterton's future attacks upon the traditional abuses of our modern civilization—and no one should wish them spared—will be none the less effective if more sober and discriminating.

**Catholic Ideals
of
Education.**

There are welcome signs that the necessity of religion for real education, a doctrine which Catholics regard as a truism, is being recognized in many quarters, hitherto suspect. The secret of the coming Education Bill has been well kept, in the sense that the things which various Ministers have said about it are vague and difficult to reconcile. However, all show acute consciousness that they have to make allowance, and every allowance, for denominational education. And a notable assertion of the Catholic theory of education made by Mr. Balfour at the beginning of last month will assist to keep that fact before the public mind. He spoke of the two ideals in this matter—"namely, that religious education should not be severed from secular education, and that the religious education should be the religious education desired for the child by the parent of the child"—ideals which have always been in the forefront of the Catholic demand.

The rights of parents in the first instance to determine the education of their children, and especially to say in what religion they should be brought up, are so obvious and well-founded that nothing but a wholly false theory of the functions of the State can prevent their recognition. Those rights are not disputed in the cases where parents pay for their children's schooling. The State, in supplying for parents who cannot do this, cannot justly disregard those rights. When religion is seen to be an integral part of education, the fallacy and folly of imposing a uniform system of education on a people of mixed religious beliefs is at once apparent. Only a tyrant or a Socialist would ignore it. Even apart from religion, uniformity in this matter is undesirable, as has been well pointed out by Professor Adamson, of London University, in the following passage :—

In the nature of things, the first demand made by the bureaucracy is for uniformity, and bureaucrats are not always quick to detect the uniformity of death. It is to the advantage of all concerned that in the national scholastic economy there should remain a minority [why necessarily a minority?] of institutions and of teachers who are independent even of an enlightened Board of Education.

All these signs of truth gradually prevailing over irrational prejudice must needs encourage Catholics to continue in their advocacy of the true ideal. The fight will be a prolonged one, for the bureaucrat is found everywhere—in educational literature, in politics and in the teaching profession itself. In fact, it is there where danger is most to be apprehended.

**Education
and
Parental Rights.**

Slowly but surely, because unchecked by any sound political philosophy amongst the leaders of the nation, proceed the encroachments of the State on the liberties of its citizens. So far from resisting them those of the community who pass for thinkers are even aiming at furthering them. Of the politicians we do not speak. With their purpose to remove the crying social evils that beset our industrial civilization, we must, as Christians, sympathize, but it is long since any clear and consistent theory of the proper functions of the State was deducible from the legislative efforts of either party. But from the school teachers of the land, men pre-occupied not with party exigencies, but presumably with the process of fitting human beings to take their proper parts in life, we should expect some surer grasp of social theory. What, as a matter of fact, do we find? At the annual conference of the National Association of Head Teachers, both this year and, as we noted at the time, last year as well, we find the President advocating a system of State interference in education which is nakedly socialistic in principle and effect, being based on the assumption that children belong primarily to the State, and secondarily if at

all to the parents. Mr. Paton last year, and Mr. Jacobs this, call openly for one system of primary education, State fostered and organized, for all classes, and this preposterous demand passes almost without comment, although it carries with it the implication that all classes have the same position in the commonwealth. Yet nothing is more certain than that an ordered hierarchy of status and function belongs to the very essence of human society. The initial inequality of personal endowment, intellectual and moral, reflects itself in the community at large. Nature cries out against the attempt to reduce everyone to the same level. But, although there will always be classes amongst the citizens, corresponding to their various powers and aptitudes, there should be nothing to prevent any capable individual from rising in the social scale, and so it is right that the State, in pursuance of its duty of aiding the weak, should provide facilities for the higher education of such children in its schools as show more than ordinary abilities. Apart from this, it is only common sense that the kind of education imparted should be determined by the prospects in life of the child under training. To train the future artisan to be a clerk would be to court a double failure. If all the children of the country are to be forced into the same primary schools, why not into the same nurseries? If their education in secondary schools is to be separate, why should they be united in primary? It is no part of the duty of the State to provide education at all except in default of the parents. We can never insist too strongly on the fact that in the order of God's providence it devolves on those latter to educate, either personally or by deputy, the children they bring into the world, just as it is their duty to feed them. The State has the right in its own interest to see that this is done, to supply itself the place of parents who are unwilling or unable to do their duty, and to fix a certain minimum of training as necessary for civic well-being. The State, moreover, will be doing wisely in fostering education in every way, chartering Universities, endowing technical schools, providing tests and certificates of efficiency, and, as we said above, making the way smooth for the exceptionally industrious and able. But to attempt to dictate to all parents what schools they shall send their children to, what these children shall learn, and in what circumstances—this is surely the merest *doctrinaire* tyranny, the dream of men who do not realize that, although *per accidens* they are employed by the State, they are essentially *in loco parentum*, delegates and representatives of the parents.

The Hierarchy
of the
Teaching body.

Mr. Jacobs, in advocating universal State provision of primary education, does not seem to realize that he is equivalently trying to make universal the already great religious difficulty in the State-provided schools. He is apparently a believer in

Cowper-Templeism and "simple Bible teaching," and presumably he would have this religious freak made a feature of his new primary schools. In America, to which he appeals, they are more logical, and there the primary schools are secular ; also, the primary schools there, as instruments of education, are admittedly a failure.¹ But the determining inspiration of his project, which leads him to ignore this and similar outrages on civic liberty, is what he calls the "social taint" attaching to the "elementary" schools and expressed in their very title. This he represents as a thing "unworthy" and "despicable." But why? If he means by the phrase that the children frequenting the elementary schools are those belonging to the lower classes, his complaint relates to a fact which is bound up with our traditional social system. Class divisions cannot well be banished from the schools unless they disappear as well from social life, and children will naturally be reckoned as belonging to their parents' class until they raise themselves above it. Those parents who can afford to pay for the education of their offspring will do so if only because they thus secure that liberty of selecting their teachers which is their natural right. The others are State-aided, which is no reproach to them, unless it is through their own fault that they cannot do their duty by their children. As for a "social taint" attaching to the teachers in those schools, we can only say that the teaching profession is in itself as honourable as the medical or the legal, and that only snobbery looks down on it. But here again the facts of the situation cannot be ignored : the standard of education needed to teach in an elementary school is naturally lower and gained at less expenditure of time, money and energy, than that required in a secondary school (although a good teacher will not be content with what is merely necessary), and, accordingly, the former branch of the profession cannot but be mainly recruited from a different social stratum. Here again a radical change in social habits and outlook alone could prevent this state of things having its natural consequence. It cannot be directly altered by administrative decree.

"Home Rule,
Rome Rule."

Coincident with the second passing of the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons has arisen a repetition of anti-Catholic agitation both here and in Ireland, and as Catholics we are once more compelled to repudiate the charges of intolerance and persecution brought by frenzied politicians against our Church. To the unprejudiced observer it is plain that the motives which are now most in evidence in prompting

¹ See various non-Catholic testimonies collected in *The Antidote*, vol. ii. pp. 90 sqq. (C.T.S., 18.)

opposition to that measure are those founded on religion, or rather on bigotry. The General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church have proceeded, from the mere resolution of sympathy which they passed last year with those who opposed Home Rule, to the adoption of a memorial against the Bill on the express grounds of certain persecution at the hands of the Catholic majority. The Protestant Bishop of Derry has denounced the Bill as putting at stake the Protestant freedom to worship God. The Protestant Societies of England engineer a meeting of protest in the Albert Hall—the text of their speeches being that attractive jingle—"Home Rule, Rome Rule." The Orange members of Parliament are touring the country with the same text, and Opposition papers are opening their columns to variations on this one theme.

It might seem hopeless to try to stem this torrent of misrepresentation and to point out that, whatever ill results may happen to Protestants from giving Ireland self-government, that of religious persecution is practically unthinkable. Common prudence, the desire of unity, the fear of reprisals—all possible motives would combine with the spirit of Catholicity itself rather to prompt excess in the other direction. Unfortunately, when Orangeism is concerned, argument is useless; one can only wait till by its excesses it shows itself in its true colours to those who imagine it to be pure religious zeal.

Meanwhile, this recrudescence of bigotry has had one good result. Once again Colonel Sir Mark Sykes has earned the gratitude of his fellow-Catholics, both English and Irish, by his strong denunciation of political bigotry, in this case by his bold and eloquent defence of the Irish priesthood against an anonymous slanderer in the *Daily Telegraph*.¹ We trust that his eloquent letter will be read and pondered by those whom political exigencies may tempt to take sides with the bitter and reckless enemies of their faith.

What the
Orange Party
stands for.

An interesting side-light on the spirit and character of Orangeism was provided in *The Times* for June 9th, which printed, as it is in the habit of doing, an interesting item from its issue of corresponding date a hundred years ago. This is how *The Times* of 1813 spoke of this un-Christian association, which has done more than any difference of race or politics to perpetuate disunion in Ireland, which in that very year had to be suppressed in that country, and which has kept unaltered to this day the disposition which then brought upon it the ban of the law:—

¹ June 10, 1913.

FROM "THE TIMES" OF 1813.

Wednesday, June 9.

We have lately remarked, not without the detestation which they merit, some abortive attempts to introduce into this country a system, which, in the Sister Kingdom, has so fatally tended to convert party animosities into lawless violence and vindictive ferocity. A system, so alien to the quiet and rational habits of Englishmen, we thought, would have speedily sunk into that contempt which must be the natural portion of its abettors. It was, therefore, with extreme astonishment, that we yesterday saw a journal, which has a character to lose, admit into its columns (certainly not from the pen of its respectable conductor) an open and unblushing recommendation of the institution of *Orange Lodges* in England, in avowed imitation of those happy inventions, which, under the same title, have helped to drench Ireland with blood. The natural, and perhaps the intended consequence of setting on foot these associations, would be to produce counter-associations still more violent; and we should presently find banditti of all sorts, high and low, organized into conflicting parties of *White Boys*, *Peep-of-Day Boys*, *Defenders*, &c., &c., until despotism itself became a relief from the horrors of Club-government.

The Orange Society has been fully exposed in the admirable book of that name, written by the present Bishop of Auckland and published by the C.T.S. It is much to be desired that, in the interests of Catholic Truth, a pamphlet describing the spirit and exploits of Orangeism should be added to the C.T.S. historical series.

Putumayo.

In strong contrast with the indecisive outcome of the Marconi Committee comes the unanimous Report of that appointed to consider the responsibility of the British Directors of the Peruvian Amazon Company for the outrages committed in the Putumayo district. In clear and measured terms that Report stigmatizes those three men as guilty, though in varying degrees, of "culpable negligence" in the performance of their duties. Remembering that the charges included a system of forced labour, involving brigandage on a large scale, and the torture and murder of thousands of hapless Indians, this censure is undoubtedly severe, but if it serves to bring home to the directors—and shareholders—of other similar companies their responsibility in conscience for the proceedings of the concerns with which they are connected, it should do something to purify the muddy stream of our commercial life. "Mammon and Moloch, Ltd." is the

apt title suggested by the *Review of Reviews* for those manufacturing companies of war materials, which exploit the belligerent feelings of nations in the interests of their own dividends. It applies with equal force to all those commercial bodies that prey upon the weakness of uncivilized man, whether in Western Australia, the Congo, or Northern Peru.

**The Ethics
of
Penology.**

A question which goes to the roots of morality, viz., the final object and justification of penal legislation, has recently been debated in *The Times* and, as usual, amongst the letter-writers, there appeared the Christian who had forgotten the teachings of Christian morality and the after-Christian who deliberately rejected it in favour of a supposed purer and loftier code. Mr. W. S. Lilly, who started the discussion, ably expounded the Catholic doctrine, as he had done long ago and in detail in his *On Right and Wrong*, but he retired early from the field, which was then occupied by widely-divergent ethical ideals. The usual judicial *Times* "leader," by way of summary, got no further towards the truth than to argue for the right to punish from the ruinous consequences to society if criminals were to go unpunished. No one apparently thought it apposite to quote the clear and convincing doctrine of St. Paul in Romans xiii. on the source and sanction of civil authority, so completely has the non-Catholic mind emancipated itself from the knowledge or the guidance of the Word of God. Yet the whole justification of the punishment of criminals lies in the simple phrase—"For [the civil ruler] is God's minister, an avenger to execute wrath on him who doeth evil." The question, with which was associated many of the abuses and anomalies of our prison system, is too large to be discussed adequately in a note, but it is worth remarking how much of the confusion at present prevalent in political ethics is due to the false social-contract theory of the State. We need to bring the world back to the recognition of the divine right, not of this or that monarch or dynasty, but of duly organized and stable civil government.

Reviews.

I.—THORN-CROWN AND LAUREL.¹

THE cruelty of life has killed more poets than it has made, and the comforts of life have stifled even more of the deeper inspirations. Comfort may set free the delicate muse of a Horace from the world of sordid noises that silenced her; and the sight of a perverse generation may sting a Euripides, at times, to something better than cynicism. But he is really great who, like Tennyson, can keep strong and pure his fountain of music in an air of opulence and culture such as he loved and his Victorian age supplied; and he, who, broken on life's wheel, still shows himself indomitable to sing as any David. But of what poignancy will his song be; two-edged to the sundering of soul and spirit!

Such was Francis Thompson, and we will have none of the law which forbids the critic to look for the man beneath the verses, or to linger upon him should he chance to descry him. We will have none of jejune maxims bidding us study man's art-works for art's sake. Even though the work of genius transcend the capacities of ordinary men, and indeed the normal powers of its creator, yet, frankly, if we may not observe the individual human soul which inspired the universal and half-divine beauty of the poem, we are striving to deal with the wholly disincarnate, and that is not for man.

Therefore in these poems, despite the injunctions of the high priests of criticism, we are determined to trace Francis Thompson in every line. We shall see that rare sight, which himself he would not dare to recognize, one who suffers and is strong, and this is sanctity. For, though again and again the voice has in it the break almost of despair, yet the resurrection is each time assured to the dying soul, and a stern joy, a triumph even in exhaustion, is to be diagnosed throughout these songs.

This is why we may start with setting solitary on its pinnacle *The Hound of Heaven*, comparing it only with the most

¹ *The Works of Francis Thompson*. Edited by Wilfrid Meynell. London: Burns and Oates. 3 vols. Pp. 226, 228, 231. Price, 6s. each. 1913.

passionate pages of St. Augustine, and with the lyrics of St. John of the Cross. All of the loftiest elements in Thompson's soul are in this poem at their highest power of expression. But the same elements are visible, I would insist, in *The Dead Cardinal*, *The Dread of Height*, *A Judgment in Heaven*, *Any Saint*, where the suffering that is undermost best shows itself. Is he, after all, to "tryst with the sensualist?" It is the appalling problem belonging to every poet who is conscious in himself of the sin as well as the beauty in the world. It is a problem which could rarely have tortured the Protestant Wordsworth.

For, at the risk of suggesting much that we do not mean, we will insist that Thompson was throughout a Catholic, and a very Roman, that is, Latin Catholic. He shows this in his tremendous use of Hebrew, Roman and Greek imagery, at home in all of these as never was (may we be forgiven!) Milton; for Thompson, being Catholic, *is* Greek and Latin by direct descent, and has not, like the Protestant scholar-poet, acquired alien heirlooms of the classics. Again, he deals with love not alone daintily and with humour (as in the *Narrow Vessel* series), pitifully yet smilingly (in his poems on children), with passionate masculinity (as in the portrait poem from *Love in Dian's Life*, in *Orient Ode*, in the *Corymbus*), most sensuously (in *Nocturne*), but also with a terrific audacity whereby the most human and most divine are linked in a series of metaphors, brutal, almost, at times, anyhow wholly un-English, un-Puritan, yet wholly un-pagan, un-materialist, and therefore Catholic.

But chiefly, in his poems he embodies the whole Catholic idea. Not that he does anything so vulgar as to have a programme; to write up dogmas; to compose moral considerations in verse covering the whole range of the Ten Commandments. Just as his ordinary life was spent in the Kingdom of Heaven as "in no strange country," so he wrote Catholicism without thinking, because he was not Catholic by outside creed and code, but Catholic-souled. The Eucharist, Mary, Purgatory, the Cross—all that was taken for granted, and part of his essential composition. And never has the Faith sung itself more grandly than in him. And this Faith is, the Incarnation of the Word, that man might be made divine. This is in *All Flesh*, *Assumpta Maria*, *Retrospect*, and, of course, supremely, in *The Hound of Heaven*.

There are prose-essays of great interest, yet secondary

altogether, save perhaps *Shelley* and *Health and Holiness*; and there are new poems, of which, perhaps, the most gorgeous is that in which the Empress of Austria mourns. Mr. Meynell's reward should be great.

2.—A HISTORY OF ANCIENT CHURCH LITERATURE.¹

It is ten years since the second volume of the Munich Professor Bardenhewer's *History of Ancient Church Literature* appeared. The interval is long, but is explained in the Preface as due to the writer having been called off to other labours. As a portion of these other labours would appear to have been that of continuing his great work on Patrology, the third volume of which appeared in 1911, we cannot complain of the delay, for treatises of this monumental character, in which every page is filled with learned notes and multitudinous references, are possible only as the final outcome of years of toilsome research. Still we are glad at last to have this third volume of so indispensable a companion to our patristic studies, and shall wait with impatience for the three remaining volumes, the next of which (as the title-page announces) is to collect together all the writers who used the Syriac tongue.

This third volume is the one which will count as the most important of them all, covering as it does the period of the fourth century, that golden age when the Church, coming forth from her hiding places under the patronage of the now Christianized Emperors—who, it must be acknowledged, if sometimes her firm friends were at other times even more tiresome enemies than their pagan predecessors—found the means of developing her institutions, and, under the stress of the Arian and allied controversies, was enabled to draw out the full implications of the most fundamental of all the doctrines in her code; that age of the greatest of her Fathers (St. Augustine and St. Leo alone excepted), when in the East St. Athanasius was her champion against Arianism, the three Cappadocians her champions against Semi-Arianism, and St. John Chrysostom set the pattern for all time to the Christian preacher, and when in the West St. Hilary was the Athanasius

¹ Geschichte der altkirchlichen Literatur. Von Otto Bardenhewer. Dritter Band Das vierten Jahrhundert, mit Ausschluss der Schrifte syrischer Zunge. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. Pp. x, 665. Price, 12s. 1912.

of Gaul and Italy, St. Ambrose, the great Bishop and ecclesiastical statesman, as well as preacher of pastoral sermons, and St. Jerome was the one man among the Fathers capable of undertaking in a truly scientific spirit the work of revising and even retranslating the Bible from the Hebrew. Professor Bardenhewer, in an introductory chapter, traces with a masterly hand the characteristic features of this age, with a special view to its literary output. The Greek Fathers took the lead and were to the Westerns in the place of instructors, as is witnessed by the fact that Latin translations were made of most of their important writings, whilst of the Latin writers, St. Jerome and Rufinus alone had any of their works translated into Greek. St. Hilary, too, who, in the West, almost by himself bore the burden of defending the faith against Arianism, might not have found his interest in that controversy had not the accident of his banishment to Asia Minor brought him into close intimacy with the great Oriental champions.

In this introductory chapter the difference of spirit between Greek and Latin religious thought is well contrasted. In the East we find schools of thought, those, namely, of Alexandria and Antioch so opposite in their tendencies, yet each contributing to develop its own aspect of the Church's faith. In the West, until the time of St. Augustine, we find no school of this kind; but what we do find is tendencies, above all a very decided tendency to hold tenaciously to the tradition handed down, accompanied by a suspiciousness of all venturesome speculation. In after times the work of speculation was taken up in the West which became its chief home, but it was this Roman spirit of adherence to the tradition which, aided by the special *charisma* of the Holy See, has all along guarded the faith so surely, and kept speculation in the bounds of orthodoxy. In one respect Professor Bardenhewer claims for the West that it had precedence over the East. In the East, indeed, the custom of liturgical singing came in first, but St. Gregory of Nazianzus was the one considerable poet of the Eastern Church, whilst the Westerns could point to such masters as St. Ambrose, St. Paulinus of Nola, and Prudentius.

The author's method is known from his former volumes. To the principal personages of the period he devotes a liberal allowance of space, and treats with much detail the story of their lives, the general character of their style and thought,

and then gives separate studies of their several works. With the writers of second and third rank he deals more compendiously but with all of them in due proportion, and at every point his wide reading and ripe scholarship makes itself apparent; he is, too, always impartial and completely up to date. All this is manifest, as soon as the volume is opened, to those who can judge competently, but we may venture to convey our sense of the immense value of this new acquisition to Catholic literature by calling attention to the words generously used by Professor Harnack of the previous volume: "I have tested the work from the first to the last page and everywhere I have found the same conscientiousness in getting together the materials, the same circumspection in sifting and estimating them. . . . It is a work of honest industry which takes fully into account and judges impartially the results reached by the researches of a generation, and will lighten the further researches of the generation to come."

3.—THE ORIGINS OF "SAINT-WORSHIP."¹

Although Father Delehaye's work is called in French *Les Origines du Culte des Martyrs*, and although every chapter of it discusses some different aspect of the veneration of martyrs in the early Church, the title which we have prefixed to this review constitutes, we believe, a substantially accurate indication of the general purport of his book. At a time when so much has been written on this subject from an antagonistic or, at best, an unsympathetic standpoint—the names of such men as E. Lucius, M. "Saintyves," Salomon Reinach, Dr. Rendel Harris, &c., will occur to every reader—it is a great gain to have this difficult matter treated by a specialist whose loyalty to the Church is beyond dispute, and whose intimate knowledge of the literature involved would not be questioned by the most anti-Christian of his opponents. All who are acquainted with Father Delehaye's earlier book, *Les Legendes hagiographiques*, translated into English in the Westminster Library, will know the scientific and critical spirit in which he deals with all these matters. He is not afraid to face difficulties squarely and frankly. He fully recognizes the fact that the religious practices of Christian converts at all ages have been influenced to no inconsiderable extent by their

¹ *Les Origines du Culte des Martyrs*. Par Hippolyte Delehaye, Bollandiste. Brussels: Bureaux des Bollandistes. Pp. viii, 502. Price, 5fr. 1912.

pagan antecedents and pagan surroundings. He lays stress upon the unhistorical and credulous aspect of all popular appreciations, more especially in those matters of religious feeling which awaken deep enthusiasm. But while all these just concessions must be made to our rationalist opponents, Father Delehaye sees clearly and enables every candid reader to see for himself that in the martyr cult of the first four centuries there were many elements which were in no way derived from paganism, but were ultimately founded upon a deep spiritual appreciation of the article in the Creed, "I believe in the Communion of Saints." As we have already implied, this new work of the *doyen* of the Bollandists is in substance a history of the doctrine of the veneration of Saints in its external and practical aspects. In the litanies of the Church the martyrs still take precedence of the confessors, and this corresponds well with the historical truth which Father Delehaye develops so interestingly in his new volume that all the reverence which we pay now to the memory of the sainted dead has grown out of the cult of the martyrs in the early Church. In the case of a writer who is so completely master of his subject, criticism of the ordinary kind would be an impertinence. Probably no man living possesses an equally wide knowledge of the texts contained in the Latin and Greek passionaries of early date. We have all in this matter to learn from Father Delehaye. But while recognizing that his work is the product of extraordinary erudition, we must also bear witness to the fact that it is written with a freshness and simplicity which make their appeal to the entirely unlearned. The author deals with many different aspects of the martyr cult; the high sense of the dignity of those who were privileged to die for the faith, the ritual observances which attached to their burial-places and which ultimately gave us the *natale* (it means literally "*birth-day*," but, as Father Delehaye shows, the word even before Christian times had acquired the less specialized sense of anniversary) or annual feast; the devotion to relics and the difference in this matter between the usage of East and West, resulting in the latter case in the cult of purely "representative" relics, *e.g.*, of fragments of cloth that had been laid on the tomb, oil from the lamps that had burned before it, &c.; the gradual growth of the practice of the invocation of martyrs, the principal centres of the veneration of martyrs, and so on. Perhaps the most important chapter in the book is the shortest and last. Gathering up the

threads the learned author sets himself to refute, though very concisely, the assumptions and generalizations of those modern hierosophists who maintain that the veneration of the saints is nothing but an ill-disguised imitation of the worship of the pagan deities. The substantial fact which must underlie all such refutations is this, that despite the tangle of legend with which in many cases the true history of the martyrs has come to be overgrown, the martyrs themselves have been real living men who laid down their lives for the faith of Christ. It was this and this only that in the first instance led their fellow-Christians to pay honour to their memory.

4.—THE NESTORIAN CONTROVERSY.

There has always been a tendency among Protestant theologians to justify Nestorius, and the recent recovery of the *Fragmenta Nestoriana* by Dr. Loofs, and of the *Book of Heraclides* in a Syrian translation found at Urmi, has given a fresh impulse to this tendency. Dr. Loofs himself, in the *prolegomena* to his *Nestoriana* pronounces that in his opinion "the pretensions to orthodoxy of Nestorius are better founded than those of his rival Cyril, who was not his equal in personal character." Mr. Bethune-Baker, in his *Nestorius and his Teaching*, published in 1908, undertakes to vindicate his complete orthodoxy. Dr. Fendt, a Catholic professor at Strasburg, writing in 1910, takes the same side, but is more guarded in his language. M. Nau and Mgr. Duchesne have also ranged themselves among his defenders, the latter in his *Histoire de l'ancienne Eglise* not hesitating to blacken the character of St. Cyril. Dr. Harnack is another writer who is all for Nestorius against St. Celestine and St. Cyril. It may be questioned, however, if these various writers are sufficiently equipped with the theological knowledge necessary to pronounce aright on so subtle a theological point.

Nestorius is designedly obscure in his language, which makes it difficult to catch his meaning from a few phrases. One must read him carefully through and take note of what he omits to say as well as of what he does say. St. Cyril, too, is not always consistent in his use of terms, which indeed had not as yet acquired those technical meanings which the

¹ Bibliothèque de Théologie historique. Nestorius et la controverse Nestorienne. By Martin Jugie, des Augustins de l'Assomption. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 326. Price, 6.00fr. 1913.

Christological controversy at length attached to them. Still, if one looks to his ideas rather than his words, these are usually clear enough, and put the orthodoxy of his meaning beyond doubt.

The point of departure of every study of Nestorian Christology (says M. Jugie) must be the exact determination of the meaning of the terms *φύσις ὑπόστασις, πρόσωπον* as employed by the heresiarch. The word *φύσις* is particularly important. If we give it the sense which our modern theology gives to the word "nature" we must conclude for the orthodoxy of Nestorius. But, if under his pen the term designates a "nature-person," an individual subject, it must be recognized that the accord between the condemned of Ephesus on the one side and St. Leo and the Council of Chalcedon on the other does not exist; and that the "one person", or *πρόσωπον*, which comes up so often in the Book of Heraclides is only a fiction, a convenient word employed to cover a heterodox thought. This has not been perceived by all those who have sought to rehabilitate Nestorius. Between him and St. Cyril the question was not, as has been said, between "one nature" or "two natures," but between "one sole nature-person, one sole subject," or two "nature-persons, two subjects." It is enough to cast a rapid glance at the anti-Nestorian writings of St. Cyril to perceive that his constant care is to show the unity of person, of the individual subject and Christ, a unity which Nestorius rejected in reality, whilst seeming to maintain it under equivocal formulas.

Of these equivocal terms the "*prosopon of the union*" (*πρόσωπον τῆς ἐνώσεως*) is the most perplexing, yet it is not to be doubted but that he means by it a moral or juridical personality, such as one attributes, for instance, to a firm of lawyers or bankers. Thus in the Book of Heraclides he writes: "He who was visible (the man) speaks of him who was conceived by the Spirit (the Word) as of his person, as if it were one and the same person. By the one the other is conceived. He who is conceived speaks of him who is visible as if he spoke of the true person of him who is visible," and so on. Does not one feel, as one reads words like these, that the writer cannot really believe in the union of two distinct natures in one physical personality? Nor can one forget the illuminating incident which originated the movement to condemn Nestorius. "Let no man," said the priest Anastasius, in his presence, and with his approval, at Sancta Sophia, "call Mary Mother of God, for Mary belongs to the human race, and it is impossible that a human creature can give birth to a God."

Père Jugie, in the present volume, has not confined himself to a study of Nestorius under the sole aspect of his peculiar heresy. He has considered him also as a witness to the Catholic tradition on many points of doctrine. "In the fields of the heretics," he says, "all is not darnel; one can find there much good grain, and Nestorius manifests himself to us as the echo of the Catholic tradition on many points of doctrine. . . . It is then a monograph on the theology of Nestorius as complete as possible that we have wished to write." Hence the chapters in this volume on Nestorius in relation to Pelagianism, to the Holy Eucharist, to the Trinity, the Angels and the Blessed Virgin. In the first of the Notes which form his Appendix, Père Jugie has a very instructive investigation into the views of Nestorius as to Papal Supremacy. Nestorius is almost as full of acknowledgment of the Papal jurisdiction as one would wish. His point against St. Celestine is not that he exceeded his right in intervening, but that he was a good simple man whom "the Egyptian" had misled as to the facts of the case. On the other hand, this Note brings out how much more independent had been St. Celestine's inquiry into the case, on the basis not merely of St. Cyril's Letters, but of the Letters and Homilies of Nestorius himself.

Père Jugie's study of the controversy seems to us conclusive, but in any case it is one that historians cannot afford to overlook.

5.—THE POEMS OF MRS. MEYNELL.¹

These poems undoubtedly combine some of the really great qualities of poetry with, I suppose, nearly all the lovely lesser ones—unless, indeed, it be the poet's special colour-sense which, however, *November Blue* hints to be not absent. We leave this book with the intricate tracery of a moth's wing in our imagination; an exquisite nocturne of greys and silvers and browns and velvety black arabesques. There are, perhaps, two modern fashions in all arts, the flaunting and violent (Mr. Masfield suggests himself; but he does better than follow the fashion; he sets it—save, at least, when he imitates his own fashion, and then we can but grieve for him), and the refined, reticent, complicated and, shall we say, Gnostic.

¹ Collected Poems. By Alice Meynell. London: Burns and Oates. Pp. 117. Price, 5s. 1913.

Mrs. Meynell of course has nothing whatever to do with the fashions of the literary smart set; but she is extremely and exclusively modern in the other sense. Yet her dislike for the obvious engenders no crabbed complications, no gnarled abortions, as in Browning; her daintiness is never mincing; and, if her Aphrodite has some of the melancholy of Botticelli's foam-pale figure, she is not anæmic, nor a cheat, nor a hallucination, like the deities of decadence.

What saves Mrs. Meynell's poetry from all this? The red blood of Catholic faith. Nothing can be further from our wish than to praise a poem because it is pious. We shouldn't say Mrs. Meynell's work was particularly pious. But here, as in Francis Thompson, is that supremely Catholic appreciation of the supernatural which sees how to link this with that, earth with heaven, flesh with the soul within all souls. Thus her profound poem, *To the Body*; thus all her understanding of human love. Need we remind ourselves of *Renouncement*, and of those exquisite companion jewels, *I am the Way* and *Via, Veritas et Vita*, in order to feel sure that in this homage to nature, the Cross and its philosophy are not forgotten? Really, the key to her knowledge of either element is found in that series of Eucharistic worship: *The Unknown God*, *General Communion*, *The Fugitive*, *In Portugal 1912*, culminating in *Christ in the Universe*, which barely may be surpassed. *Maternity* is a heart-broken little poem; *Chimes*, sheer music; let us mention, too, just for our own joy in the memory, *San Lorenzo's Mother*, and the *Letter from a Girl to her Old Age*, already a treasure of our language.

6.—PLAIN CHANT.¹

Pope Pius X. will be known in history as a great reformer of Church music. One of his aims is to restore to its original purity the entire system of Plain Chant. At the time of his election to the Papacy the Mechlin and Ratisbon Editions were in vogue in North and North-West Europe and in America. Under his orders and influence these editions were discarded in many quarters in favour of the Solesmes Edition, and now it is the turn of the latter to give way to the more orthodox and still purer edition known as the Vatican Edition.

Apparently His Holiness wishes that one and the same edition of Plain Chant shall be used throughout the world.

¹ *Vesperale Romanum seu Liber Antiphonarius pro Vesperis et Completorio*. Dusseldorf: Schwann. Edit. F. 1. Pp. xxi, 930. Price, 7s. 4d. 1913.

Gregory XIII., who in his day aimed at the restoration of the Chant, had in one sense an easier task before him than Pius X. In the sixteenth century the singing of Gregorian music had sunk to a very low level, and the necessity for reform must have been apparent to everyone interested in the subject. On the other hand, the Mechlin Edition of 1848 and the Ratisbon Edition of 1871 still have their admirers even among musicians, men who have grown used to them, so to speak, and will regret their supersession. Nevertheless they ought to go; they are not naturally evolved from the original Chant, as every sound authority on Gregorian music must admit. The ordinary reader might like to know how the music of the Vatican Edition differs from the music of the editions to which he is accustomed. To put it in the simplest way, the pure and orthodox Gregorian is of a more flowing character than the other, is more like recitative, is less "heavy." When sung well the hearer should receive an impression of "ease," of "naturalness," as though the singers were merely speaking. There should be no accompaniment at all; but if the organ is used it should be as soft and unobtrusive as possible; it should merely support the voices and help them to keep the pitch. This publication of the Vatican Edition of the *Vesperale* by Schwann is a very important event; great labour has been taken in its preparation; the work is well done in every respect and may be highly recommended.

Short Notices.

SCRIPTURE.

Matutinaud lit la Bible, by the Abbé E. Duplessy (Téqui, 2.50 fr.) is a little book excellently reasoned and written, and poorly illustrated. It recounts the conversations of a French "man-in-the-street" with his Curé about the Bible. The tone is quite conservative, but difficulties are faced frankly, and that is what we want. And the fact that ordinary men read, think, and have difficulties, is (and this is still too rare), intelligently recognized.

M. E. Jacquier is too well-known for his *Crédibilité des Evangiles* (Lecoffre: 1 fr.), public conferences given at Lyons, to need long praise. M. Jacquier combines, in a very rare manner, unimpeachable orthodoxy with genuine breadth of mind, and erudition with lucidity. This is exactly the kind of book we want for the average, but intelligent man.

We have received two more volumes of the *Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*, *Judges and Ruth*, edited by the Rev. G. A. Cooke, D.D. (Cambridge University Press: 2s. 6d. net), and *Jeremiah and Lamentations*, edited by the Rev. A. W. Streane, D.D. (3s. net). Both

these replace earlier volumes in the same series, and we are therefore naturally led to contrast the new with the old. In the case of the Book of Judges there is a rather significant change of editor. It was the Rev. J. J. Lias who first brought out the book in 1882, and he treated it as inspired Scripture. Doubtless the present editor would protest that he was also doing so. Well, speaking broadly, the Anglican standard has changed not a little in these matters: a Catholic would have little to alter in the earlier edition, or an agnostic in the later. The criticism of sources and structure is based upon the current documentary hypothesis of the "sublimar" critics as to the origin of the Pentateuch, the historical character of the book is abandoned, and the account of the religion of Israel is very unsatisfactory. On Judges xvii. 5-7, to take but one passage from the commentary, we get Wellhausen's whole theory about priests and levites; the original tribe of Levi contrives to vanish into space, and the new one is a "genealogical fiction," grown out of "a nucleus," which for some reason or other has seen fit to "follow a priestly calling."

The new edition of *Jeremiah and Lamentations* is by the same author as before, and the contrast with the old one is not so sharp. Still, the editor's mind has, as we suppose he would say, "progressed" since 1881. Thus, in the earlier edition the note on Jeremiah vii. 22 began, "Some have seen a difficulty in reconciling this verse with the institution of sacrifices through Moses," and the editor proceeded to answer this difficulty under four heads. The modern note begins, "The passage is of the highest importance in its bearing on the epochs at which the different parts of the Pentateuch were severally composed." The editor is not guilty of the folly of supposing that the prophet meant that God had not required burnt offerings and sacrifices during the Exodus; but he does not make it sufficiently plain what he does mean. We gladly note the value of much of the additional matter in the Introduction.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Fellowship Books is the title given to a new series of quite charmingly edited little volumes (2s. each: Mr. B. T. Batford, 94, High Holborn). They are to be "a new contribution by various writers towards the expression of the Human Ideal and Artistic Faith of our own day." The series is to gather up and formulate the "new wisdom," "open the way for a free expression of opinion," which shall be constructive, "personal yet not contentious," not theological nor political: it will revive the elemental things whence springs [the inversion is endemic in the dialect] all that makes life worth living. "Colour, hope, enjoyment, comradeship, enthusiasm, new philosophy and life and Humanism." We recognize (too well!) the dialect, and we surmise the philosophy which underlies it; and though we detest both, we find a very great deal to enjoy (if we try not to notice the one and interpret, by supplementing it, the other) in the material contained in each of these small books. Mr. Edward Thomas writes with a wealth of delightful quotation on the *Country*; Mr. C. J. Tait, with an equal charm of allusion, upon *Spring-time*; Mr. Clifford Bax pleasantly upon *Friendship*. Miss Grace Rhys is rather oracular in her utterances upon the *Quest of the Ideal*, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan speaks with sarcasm, yet hopefulness, on the *Joy of the Theatre*, which he judges to be hard (rightly hard) of discovery in England, and Mr. James Guthrie moralizes on *Divine Discontent*.

Alas; do what they will, the authors don't take us much further towards Jerusalem than South Kensington: and in their effort to perceive in every cup equally a Holy Grail, they cannot persuade us that they have ever surmised, in the Grail itself, more than a superfine example of the *art nouveau*.

Religious Beliefs of Scientists (Hunter and Longhurst: 2s. 6d. net) is a useful book which we have already praised, and of which the new and enlarged edition we warmly welcome. It is published for the North London Christian Evidence League, and we would like to see it in school and parish libraries, and especially should it be valuable to all who have to deal with workmen or the half-educated, whom authority impresses.

The Philosophy of Faith, by Bertram Brewster (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), is a very careful study of the nature of Faith, especially in its relation to reason, from the point of view of one who is not in possession of the Catholic notion of the supernatural, and who admits, for instance, that the "entry of the Divine life into the soul" may be "inevitable," "given certain conditions of mental protoplasm." As an instance of noble venture upon the uncharted seas of non-Catholic spiritual philosophy, the book has value; and, as a document, no student will despise it.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Roman Curia, by Rev. M. Martin, S.J. (Washbourne: 6s.) is a careful account of the different departments, and their functions, of the Roman Curia as it is to-day, with a certain historical retrospect. This book will be of value to priests, especially when they wish to communicate officially with Rome.

Books upon Louis Veuillot are multiplying fast. The latest one is a **Life** by M. C. Lecigne (Lethielleux, 3.50 fr.). Nothing which is written upon Veuillot can, one would imagine, lack interest. And here the theme is set out, by M. Lecigne, in a style only less vivacious than his hero's. "With how holy a rage would L. Veuillot turn upon our minute ecclesiastical historians, bastard products of Seminary and University, prouder of having extinguished a lamp than Bossuet was of having shielded one; who make it their boast of having torn the seamless robe of Holy Church. Their innocent or pedantic little ways. . . ." &c. (p. 404). This language, we submit, however sincere, is neither decent nor Christian. If M. Lecigne wants to attack any historian, let him name him and substantiate his charges. Innuendoes like these, aimed at one, while seemingly applying to a multitude, are faulty both in tactics and in morals. Christianity will have none of this style.

Father Pierling, in **L'Empereur Alexandre est-il mort Catholique?** (Beauchesne: 1 fr.), discusses the likelihood of the Catholic death of Alexander I., Czar of Russia, which occurred in dramatic circumstances in 1825. M. Paul Lemaire, in the valuable little series, **Philosophes et Penseurs** (Bloud: 0.60 fr.), writes very sympathetically on **Francis Bacon**; and M. Pierre-Gauthiez, in the same publisher's series, **Ecrivains Etrangers**, with real insight and picturesque pen, on **Henri Heine**.

Two books on Ozanam are to be added to the literature of the Centenary; one, by the experienced pen of M. Henri Joly, **Ozanam et ses Continuateurs** (Lecoffre, 3 fr.), places Ozanam in his University setting, and shows with what magnificent successors—Ollé-Laprune, Julleville, Lefébure, Huvelin (whose wonderful life and influence have already been vividly set before English readers by Adeline, Duchess of Bed-

ford)—It supplied him. **Ozanam, Livre du Centenaire** (Beauchesne: 6 fr.) is a really important volume, both from its documentary value, and from the personality of its co-authors, who are M. G. Goyau, M. L. de L. de Laborie, M. Henry Cochin, M. E. Jordan, M. Eugène Duthoit, and Mgr. Alfred Baudrillart. M. René Doumic contributes the Introduction, and M. Corbierre a Bibliography. Ozanam is described at college and as a student and intellectual force, as founder of the S.V.P., as historian, litterateur, social philosopher and apologist. All study-clubs and social institutes should have this book, which is adorned with a singularly beautiful frontispiece.

FICTION.

M. H. Gaillard de Champris has written, in **Un Père** (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.), a novel of genuinely human insight and of much power. The leading characters are an officer, whose wife has, *pour cause*, divorced him, but whose devotion to his daughter leads him, through honourable self-discipline, to Christianity. The girl is good, but weak, and her father's hopes are, temporarily at any rate, ruined by the scheming of her mother, a woman whose vulgarity is only spiritualized by her vindictiveness. The book is a little *decoursu*, but full of charming, witty, and highly-charged pages. Many works—some inspiring, some revolting—have dealt with the life of the Magdalen after the Resurrection. **Marie de Magdala**, by A. Lefranc (Lethielleux: 3.50 fr.), belongs to the first category. The reconstruction is rather daring, as far as the actual story goes; but the reverence which penetrates it deprives the tale of anything calculated to shock or distress the most circumspect. The colour-sense of the author is extremely developed: the descriptions are highly imaginative, but true, throughout, in spirit, to historical accuracy. The dance of Salome, the procession of Isis at Alexandria, the slaves' fight, the *Via Crucis* are unforgettably pictured scenes.

The Entail, by John Galt, with an Introduction by John Ayscough, is sent by Messrs. Frowde and Milford as No. 171 of the World's Classics. Originally published in 1822, this book won rare, but distinguished and important praise, and a comparison of its author with Scott and with Miss Edgeworth, to whom alone he was judged, in certain points inferior, was made in *Blackwood* in 1823, and is developed by John Ayscough in his charming historical and critical pages.

Our Own Country (Duffy: 2s.) is a very pleasantly and even powerfully written (but not well printed) story of Irish life, by Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny. We warmly recommend this witty and sympathetic book.

Father Ralph (Macmillan: 6s.), by Gerald O'Donovan, is a Modernist no-Popery tract in the guise of a novel. What strikes one first on reading it is the appalling crudeness and lack of art in its composition. The mud is spread too thick. If the author's aim was—as the publisher's puff assures us—to frame an indictment against the Catholic Church and her clergy in Ireland, he himself has signally defeated it. By squeezing out nine-tenths of the bitterness and malice with which the story reeks, he might have made it to some extent effective because not wholly incredible. As it is, the tale is simply a blend of Joseph Hocking and Michael M'Carthy,—a sufficiently nauseous compound. Quite in the style of the former, all the characters give themselves away whenever they open their mouths; the worldly betray their worldliness, the pietistic their

silliness, the gross their depravity, the mean their littleness, with every word they utter. All the author's clerical and religious knaves are fools as well. He has even so succumbed to the manner of his model that he makes the students at Bunnahone Seminary answer *Et cum spiritu tuo* to the caller's *Benedicamus Domino*. As for the strain of M'Carthy in the book, it appears in the complaint which was originally voiced by the apostate Judas—"To what purpose is this waste?" Why build fine churches in God's honour instead of heaping up your treasure on earth to be spent on yourselves? Why not seek first the kingdom of earth and its comforts and hope that heavenly things will be added unto you? This naturalistic argument as applied to Ireland has been long ago answered by Mgr. O'Riordan in his *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*, just as Canon Sheehan's inimitable pictures of Irish clerical life effectively give the lie to the gross caricatures of it presented here. The hero, who by the author's own showing, never got a true grasp of Catholicism at any period of his training, is made the vehicle of Mr. O'Donovan's views on Modernism and the "Church of the Future": it is instructive to see that moribund heresy draping itself in the discarded rags of Protestantism and inveighing in the spirit of Luther against the Spouse of Christ, because of the imperfections of her human constituents. The ancient Church of Ireland has nothing to fear from calumnies so clumsy and exaggerated as are found here; nay even so foolishly biassed an attack may have its uses as serving to remind one of a hostile anti-Catholic movement in Ireland, of which the Church would do well to take account. The demeanour which is suitable in the presence of friends must be somewhat modified by the presence of enemies, and the perils from false brethren must be met by greater domestic circumspection. It is always possible to have a higher ideal of priestly decorum and a more manifest love of the apostolic spirit, and **Father Ralph** may prove a stimulus. With the author's views on the need of social reformation (apart from his diagnosis of the causes of that need), of extirpating the gombeen man, of preserving the Gaelic, of encouraging co-operative industry, &c., &c., it is possible to be in sympathy, whilst deploring the animus which inspires his book.

DEVOTIONAL.

We regret that the following books came too late for notice last month: however, two of them are probably known already to many of our readers. Fr. Joseph McDonnell has collected into one handsome volume, **Meditations on the Sacred Heart** (Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net)—the various pamphlets on the devotion to the Sacred Heart which have had so great a success in the *Irish Messenger* series. Those who have used and profited by these tender and thoughtful meditations will be glad to have them in this more permanent shape. Fr. McDonnell has also republished his commentary and meditations on **The Promises of the Sacred Heart** (Burns & Oates: 2s. 6d. net), which appeared in the *Irish Messenger* during 1912, and which lay down with theological accuracy the foundation on which the devotion is based and the force and meaning of the famous Twelve Promises. No doubt the author is right in claiming that his book is the first in English to do this in scientific detail, but he has not apparently met with Fr. Hull's admirable discussion on the same subject in his *Devotion to the Sacred Heart*.

The fifth edition of Père Godfroy's *Mois du Sacré Cœur de Jésus* (Téqui: 1.00 fr.), which originally appeared in 1859, is a testimony to the enduring popularity won by the soundness of its doctrine and its spirit of genuine fervour.

GENERAL.

Miss W. M. Letts is no stranger to readers of *THE MONTH*, which has published several of her charming idylls of Irish life, and they may be assured that they will find in her *Songs from Leinster* (Smith, Elder and Co.: 2s. 6d. net) the same qualities of close observation, delicate fancy, humour and insight which mark her stories—the same qualities only refined and sublimated as befits the loftier medium of verse. We cannot refrain from quoting one little poem in which all these excellences aptly combine to point an excellent moral. It is called

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

The poor have childher and to spare,
But with the quality they're rare.
Where money's scarce, the childher's many,
Where money's thick, you'll scarce find any.
Some wanted here, too many there—
It's quare.
Now, if the rich and poor could share,
There'd soon be childher everywhere:
But God have pity on the mother
That gives her child up to another;
An' so you'll find a mansion bare,
A cabin rich in all that's fair—
It's quare.

Miss Letts has command of a great variety of metres and a wide range of feeling, but for all their apparent simplicity of treatment her poems are highly elaborated. She uses idiom rather than brogue, but just enough of the latter to indicate the soft Irish speech, but her chief power lies in her grasp and manifestation of the Irish mental atmosphere—the essential spirituality of the Irish character. This little book is far more typical of Ireland and of far greater moral value than the dreamy neo-paganism of the Yeats School.

Fr. Gilbert Garraghan, S.J., has made a very useful school book for the Rhetoric class out of one of Cardinal Newman's Dublin University Lectures,—*Literature* (Schwartz & Co.: New York). His notes are just ample enough to make the allusions easily intelligible, but the chief value of the edition lies in the careful analyses of the great writer's thought and the detailed discussion of his modes of expression.

The Church of Christ (Herder: 6d.), is another addition to the series of apologetic works which we owe to the pen of Fr. B. Otten, S.J. It consists of a number of papers on the nature and functions of the Church, clearly and persuasively worked out, showing a thorough appreciation of current difficulties and a ready skill in refuting them. It is well described in its sub-title—"Some timely thoughts for thoughtful people."

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Truth Society has added to its popular series of pamphlets on the Religious Orders, *The Congregation of the Oratory*, by Fr. Allan Ross, a very clear and readable account of St. Philip's great

conception and the spirit that gives it life and vigour. Other penny pamphlets are: **The Doctrine, of Development**, by Fr. P. M. Northcote, a useful exposition of a much misunderstood point of Catholic teaching, and **Cardinal Pole**, by Father Tristram, of the Oratory, a biography which necessarily deals also with the first period of the Reformation in England, and does so with great clearness.

From the Irish Catholic Truth Society come Part xii. of Bishop Donnelly's **Short Histories of Dublin Parishes**, with a picture of "Marlborough Street," the Church which does duty for the Cathedral of the Dublin Diocese: **The Family, the State, and the School**, by Rev. Peter C. Yorke, of San Francisco, a clear and forcible re-statement of the Catholic principles of education: **The Interests of Jesus**, a reprint of Chapter I of Fr. Faber's famous book: a pamphlet in Irish, the title of which is translated **Tidings of the Resurrection: Mater Dolorosa**: Meditations for September and May, by Fr. S. M. Ledoux, O.S.M.: and two stories, **The House of Julianstown**, by the Rev. Myles Ronan, and **The Return of the Red Hand**, by M. J. O'Mullone.

The Scottish C.T.S. have started in Fr. C. Lattey's **The Church in Germany** (1d.) what promises to be a highly useful series of monographs on the fortunes of Catholicism in different countries.

Closely following on Fr. Hull's *Galileo and his Condemnation*, which we reviewed in May, comes from the Columbus Press, New York, **The Condemnation of Galileo**, a shorter pamphlet by Fr. Bertrand Conway, C.S.P., which practically reaches the same conclusion by the same methods as the former one. No real scholar now uses the Galileo case as an argument against the Church's infallibility, but amongst the less-educated his fate is still quoted as illustrating the conflict between science and religion. In refuting such erroneous notions Fr. Conway's essay will do admirable service.

Fr. Michael O'Kane, O.P., greatly daring, has written a booklet on **Woman's Place in the World** (Giff and Son: 1d.), and treats with great discrimination the burning questions which are aroused by the feminist movement. He points out to what extent Catholic opinion is free in this matter. The Church insists on due recognition of the talent of sex and all that is involved in its cultivation; insists, moreover, on the hierarchy of the family wherein the official headship belongs to the male; insists, finally, on sacerdotal functions being confined to the man. Outside these limits there is no question of superiority or inferiority. Woman has as much right as man in a democracy to appoint rulers and share in legislation: let her have the vote by all means, for that will not impede her duties as woman. And if she may not, according to Fr. Conway, stand for Parliament, that is not because she is unfitted intellectually to legislate, but because the inevitable turmoil of political life would hinder her in her womanly functions. This pamphlet should be widely read and studied; it is moderate and reasonable, and should please all but the less reasonable suffragists.

Professor Fr. Hedde, of the Lyons Theological Faculty, has reprinted from *L'Université Catholique*, **Le Droit de Guerre d'après la Morale Chrétienne** (Lecoffre: Paris), a luminous exposition of the Catholic attitude towards the armed conflict of nations.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ARNOLD, London.**
The Vision of Piers the Plowman. Translated into modern prose by Kate M. Warren. Pp. vi, 168. Price, 2s. 6d. 1913.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**
"Hors de l'Eglise, pas de Salut." By J. V. Bainvel. Pp. 62. Price, 0.75 fr. 1913. *Questions d'enseignement de Philosophie Scolastique.* By Père P. Geny. Pp. 234. Price, 3.00 fr. 1913.
- BENZIGER, New York.**
The Fundamentals of the Religious Life. Translated from the German by J. P. Scheulter, S.J. Pp. 133. Price, 60 cents. 1913. *The Wedding Bells of Glendalough.* By Michael Earls, S.J. Pp. 388. Price, 5s. 6d. 1913.
- BURNS AND OATES, London.**
The Promises of the Sacred Heart: Commentary and Meditations. By Joseph McDonnell, S.J. Pp. 162. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913. *The Works of Francis Thompson.* 3 Vols. Pp. 225, 228, 291. Price, 6s. net. each. 1913.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.**
English Monasteries. By A. H. Thompson. Pp. xii, 156. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *Plato: Moral and Political Ideals.* By A. M. Adam. Pp. viii, 159. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *Mysticism in English Literature.* By Caroline Spurgeon. Pp. vii, 168. Price, 1s. net. 1913.
- CARY AND CO., London.**
The Book of Hymns with Tunes. Edited by S. G. Ould, O.S.B., and W. Sewell, A.R.A.M. Pp. 571. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.**
 Various Penny Pamphlets.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin.**
 Various Penny Pamphlets.
- CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.**
The New France. By W. S. Lilly. Pp. xviii, 320. Price, 12s. 6d. 1913.
- CLARENDON PRESS, Oxford.**
The Dominican Order and Convocation. By Ernest Barker, M.A. Pp. 83. Price, 3s. net. 1913.
- COLUMBUS PRESS, New York.**
The Condemnation of Galileo. By B. L. Conway, C.S.P. Pp. 48. Price, 10 cents. 1913.
- DEWIT, Brussels.**
Compte-Rendu analytique de la 1re Session de la Semaine d'Ethnologie Religieuse. Pp. 340. Price, 6.00 fr. 1913.
- GILL AND SON, Dublin.**
The Government of the Church in the First Century. By Rev. William Moran. Pp. xi, 288. Price, 6s.
- Woman's Place in the World.* By M. M. O'Kane, O.P. Pp. 40. Price, 1d. 1913.
- HERDER, London.**
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